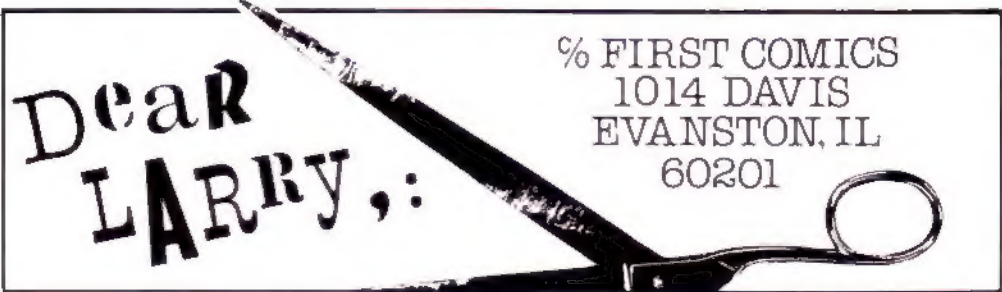


THE BADGER





Dear Mike:

I was ramblin' east on highway I-80 with a Union convoy last Monday night, firin' my empty Bud bottles at all the freakin' liberals who still had their Mondale-Ferraro stickers on all their communist-country made cars. After a long hard day of truckin' and drinkin', I steered my rig, Betsy, onto the turnoff that would lead me to my favorite comic book store with all the brand-spankin' new comics from the greatest ever-lovin' comic book company that ever came down the Pike ... Mighty Marvel!

(That I could see straight enough to recognize the street signs after mixin' Oly and Bud was a tribute to my afternoon break of Corn-Nuts — I guess that's what kept them crazy Aztecs goin'!)

I threw back the door of the store with that loco tingle buzzin' my brain the way Spidey's Spider-Sense works, peerin' at the new comics rack for stuff by the greats — Al Milgrom, Big Chris Claremont, and Jim (Pea) Shooter. But all I saw were comics from the companies the communists had taken over — the DC Communists, the First Communists, the Eclipse Communists — nothin' from Marvel, not even Top Dog!

Then I remembered what I'd heard over the CB when I first got into comics — about four times a year, all the communists band together to make sure none of Marvel's Greatest gets out for one week — and sure enough, wouldn't you know it but it happened this week!

Well, Pardner, my spirits were lower than the time the Marines rejected me durin' the Vietnam War because I was bowlegged. I headed for the first bar with live women wrasslers I could find and ordered me a coupla long-necks with a shot of tequilla — I had to pay extra for the worm, but I was beyond the Beyonder. I wouldn't have cared if She-Hulk was wrestlin' Wonder Woman for all the marbles up on that stage!

Then, in the corner of my double-vision eyes, I saw my chief advisor in the Union, Joe-Bob, nursin' his wounds as well! "Joe-Bob," I moaned, "how come the Communists at all these other companies can't put out anything good except for Vigilante?"

Joe-Bob took his eyes off the women in the ring and looked at me like a cow after an abortion with his blood-shot eyes. "Well Cousin, there used to be one true-blue feller who went around beatin' up commies in the midwest — The Badger! Except the darn communists done

cancelled his book!"

Then, with that memory as tight as Ron's anti-communist girdle, I remembered I saw the revived Badger in the corner of the comics store and that's how you saved the week for us comic-collectin' coons, Mister Mike!

The Badger is one tough and smart dude! He isn't fooled by those college kids who go around smashing beer bottles on God's green earth — he knows they're from the Soviet Union! Heck, I do the same thing myself — on my days off, I park Betsy's cab at the corner of the local K-Mart and teach democracy with a two-by-four to anybody who's wearin' glasses and a shirt with an alligator on it!

I'd give a guy like The Badger a free ride anytime — he knows that most of the commies who are trying to take away all the Primo Pasture land are right down there with Charlie Manson in Southern Californy — except they've exchanged beads for business suits!

And I think The Badger must have seen a lot of Bruce Lee movies — this is the best kung fu in comics I've seen since Ross Andru drew Spidey vs. Master of Kung Fu in Giant-Size Spidey ten years ago!

I don't know how you do it, Mister Mike — slippin' the Badger by the First Communists — you're one cagey cowpoke! Rest assured though, any member of the Union will be prouder than a possum to carry the latest adventures of The Badger!

How about a Badger-Vigilante team-up, or a Badger-U.S. 1 team-up?

Cousin Dick
U.S. 1 Utilitarian Union
941 Walnut St. #7
Chico, CA 95928

Ron's anti-communist girdle???

Deary Larry,

"The Badger?" Knowing nothing about the four Capital issues, I picked up #5 at a shop because it had wonderful art and I figured, "With a name like Badger, he's gotta be a second-rate Wolverine." Plus, I'd heard of Mike Baron and have read his Atari Force.

Thanks for proving me wrong about the Wolverine bit. Badger is more. Right, Larry?

I've never laughed so hard at a superhero (?) comic before in my life, and for some funny reason, I also felt incredibly relieved and tension-free when it was all over! The Badger is great therapy!

Mike Baron is every bit as talented as DC makes him out to be, and the art is terrific, too! And rather than make suggestions to men who obviously know what they are doing, I'll just say ...

Thanks!!! And please keep it coming. That's all, Larry.

Steve Smith
715 Stadium Drive,
Box 1115
San Antonio, TX 78284



NEXT ISSUE ... Now that The Badger is on the inside looking out, just what is he going to see? And how is Ham going to react! Stay tuned for "In a Coma, In Nakoma," the next exciting tale of **The Badger!**

Rick Obadiah, Publisher

Mike Gold, Managing Editor

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Ralph C. Musicant,

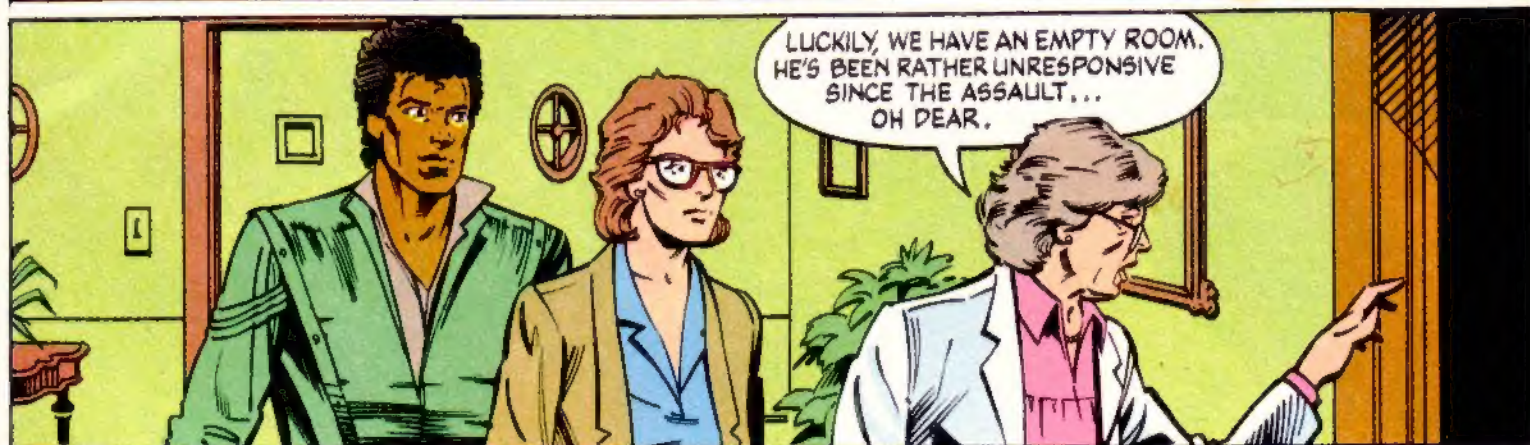
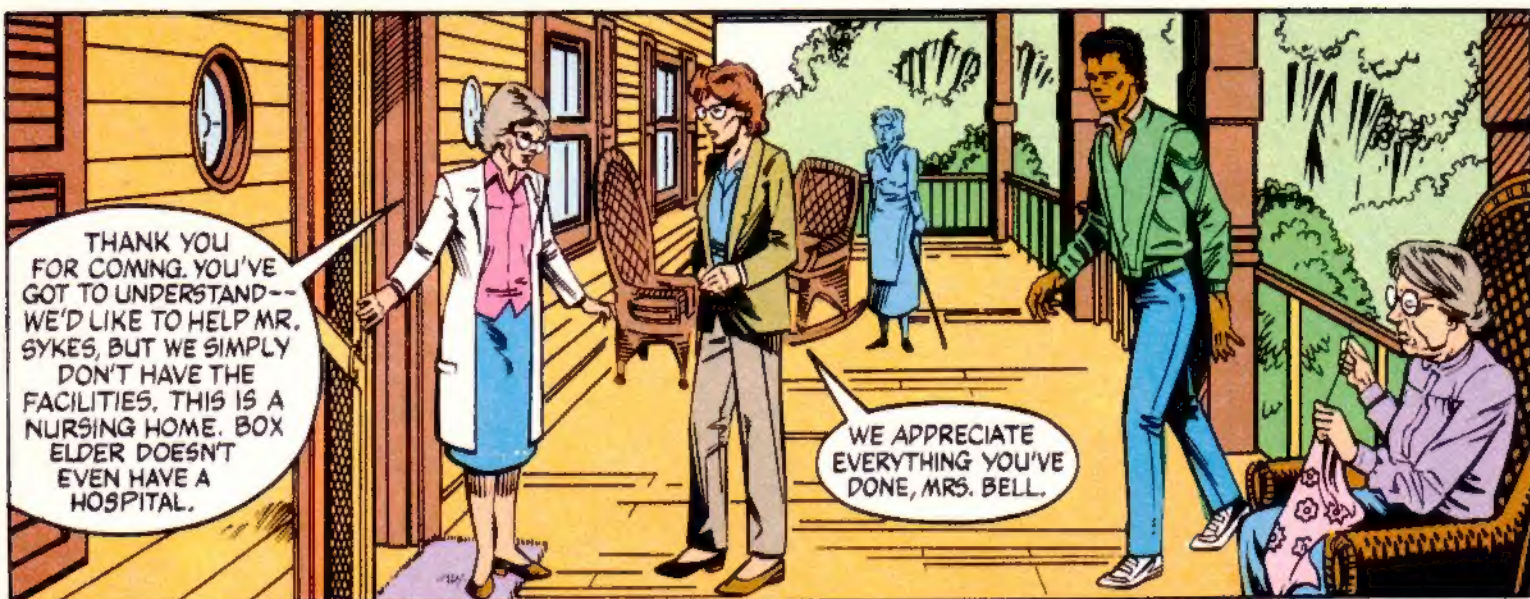
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Kathy Kotsivas,

Direct Sales Manager

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BILL REINHOLD
JEFF DEE

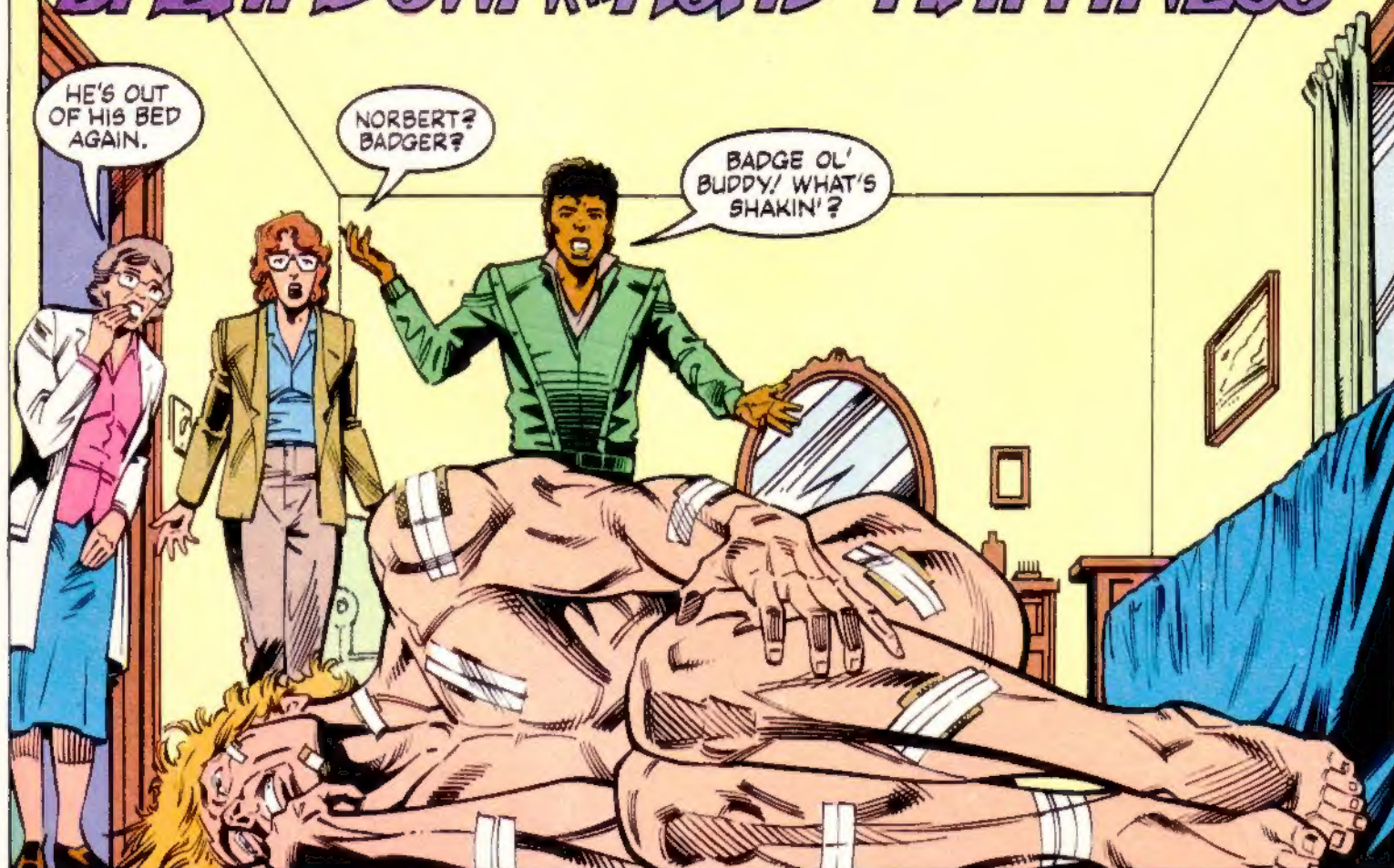
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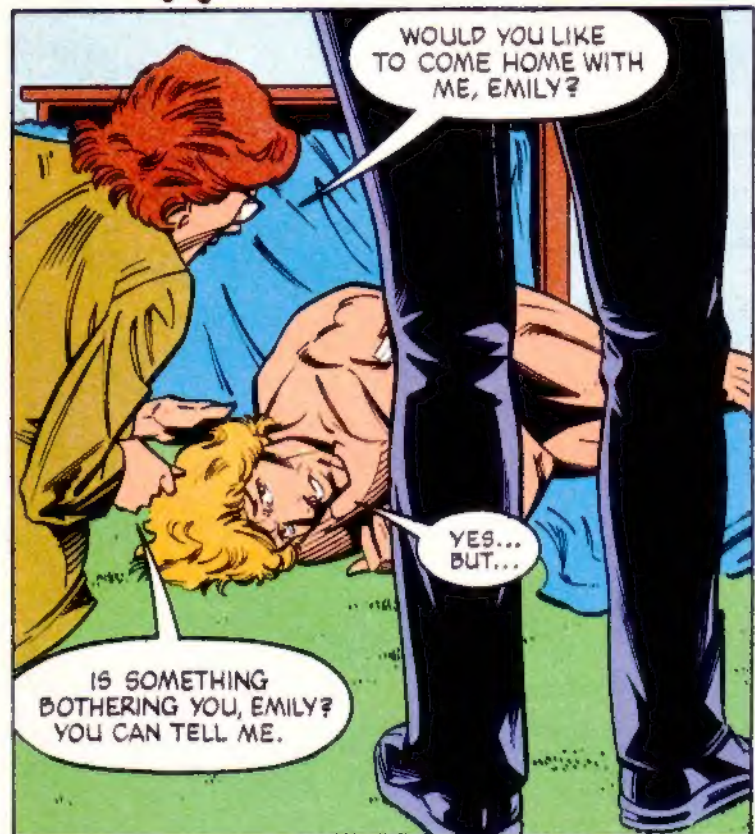
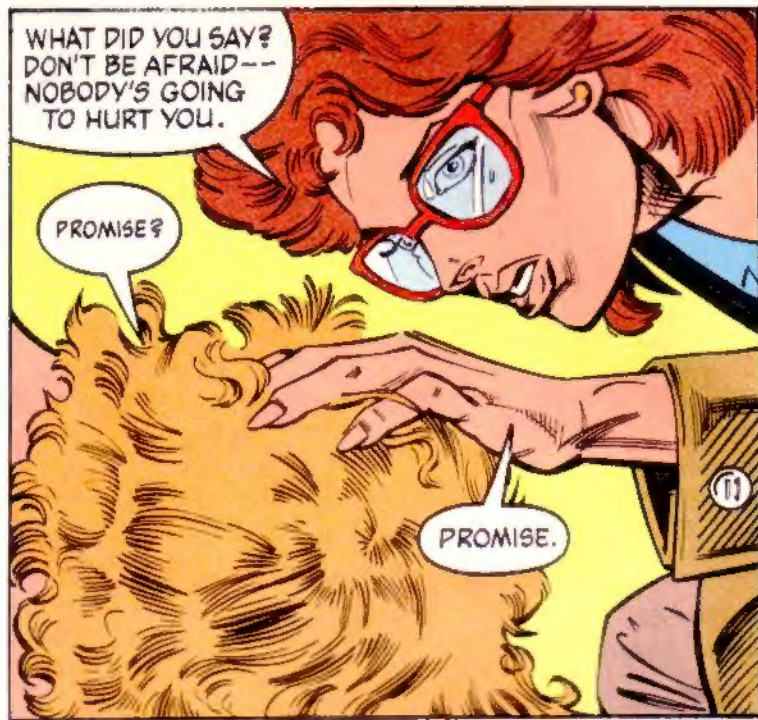
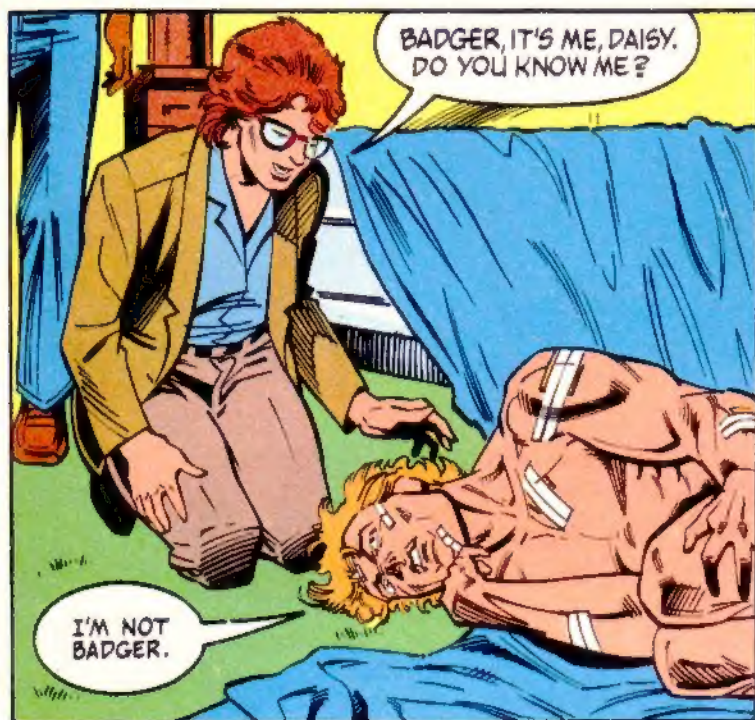
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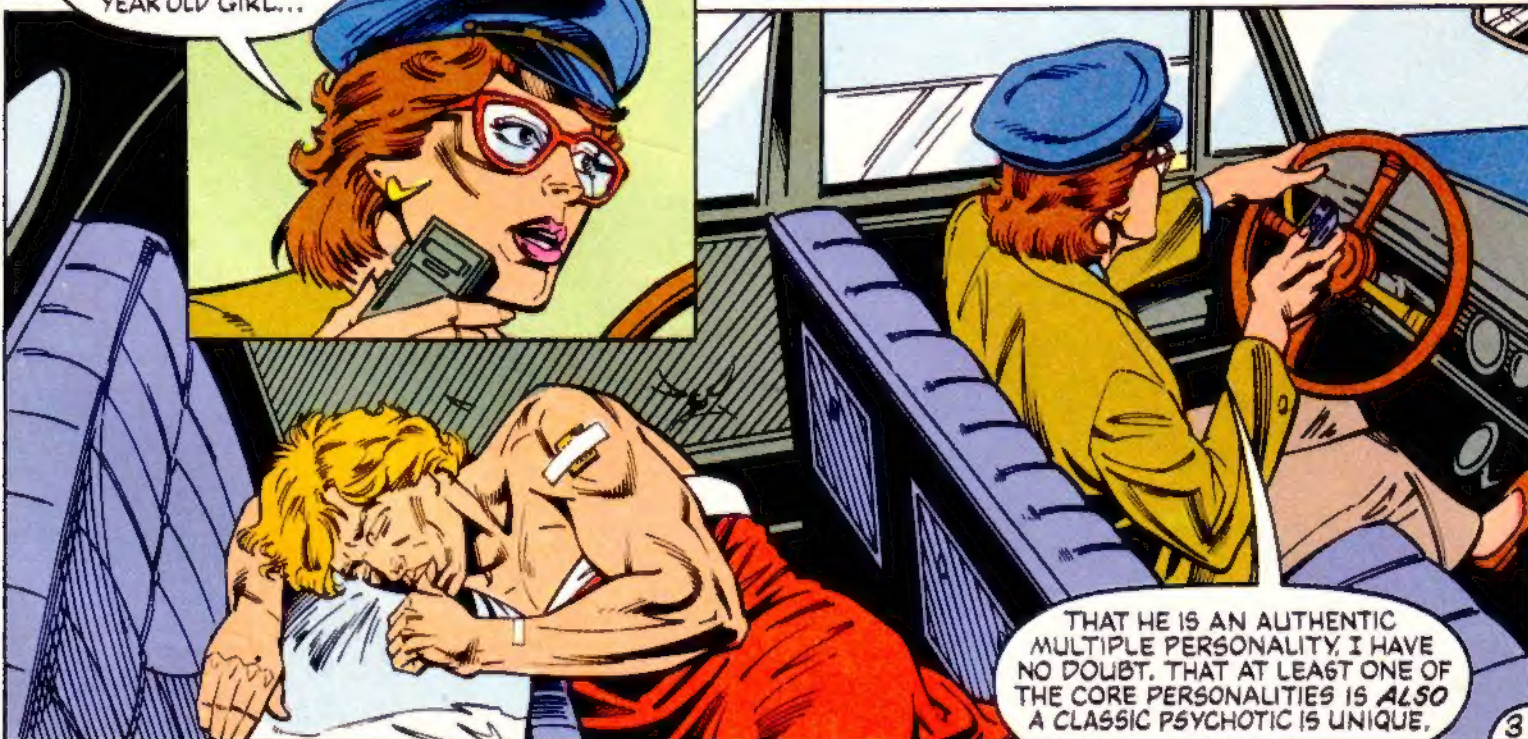
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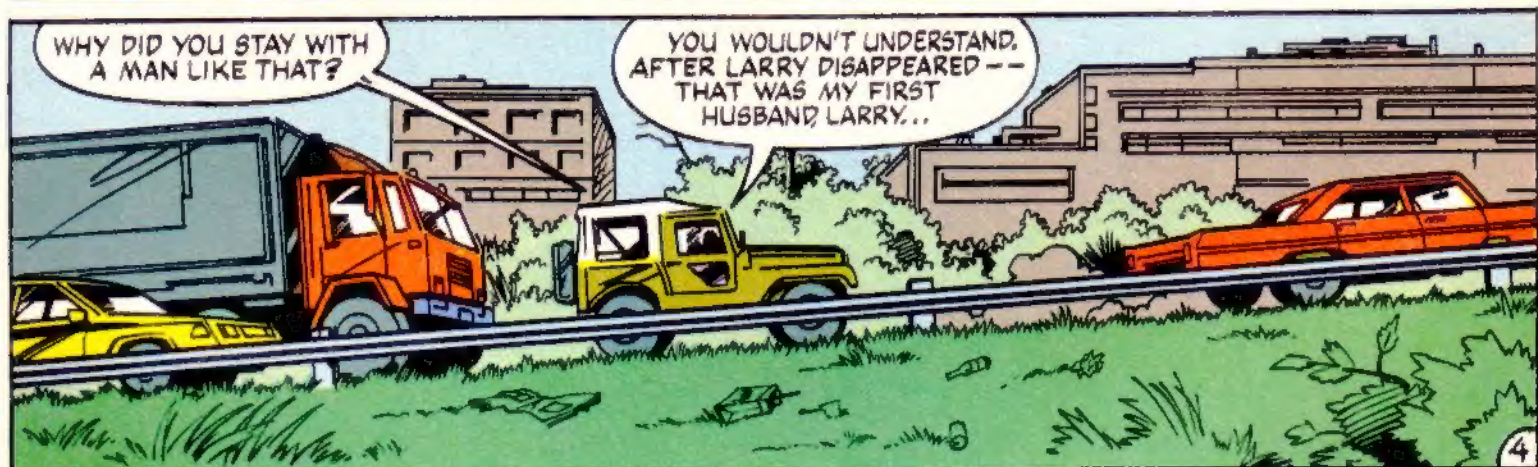
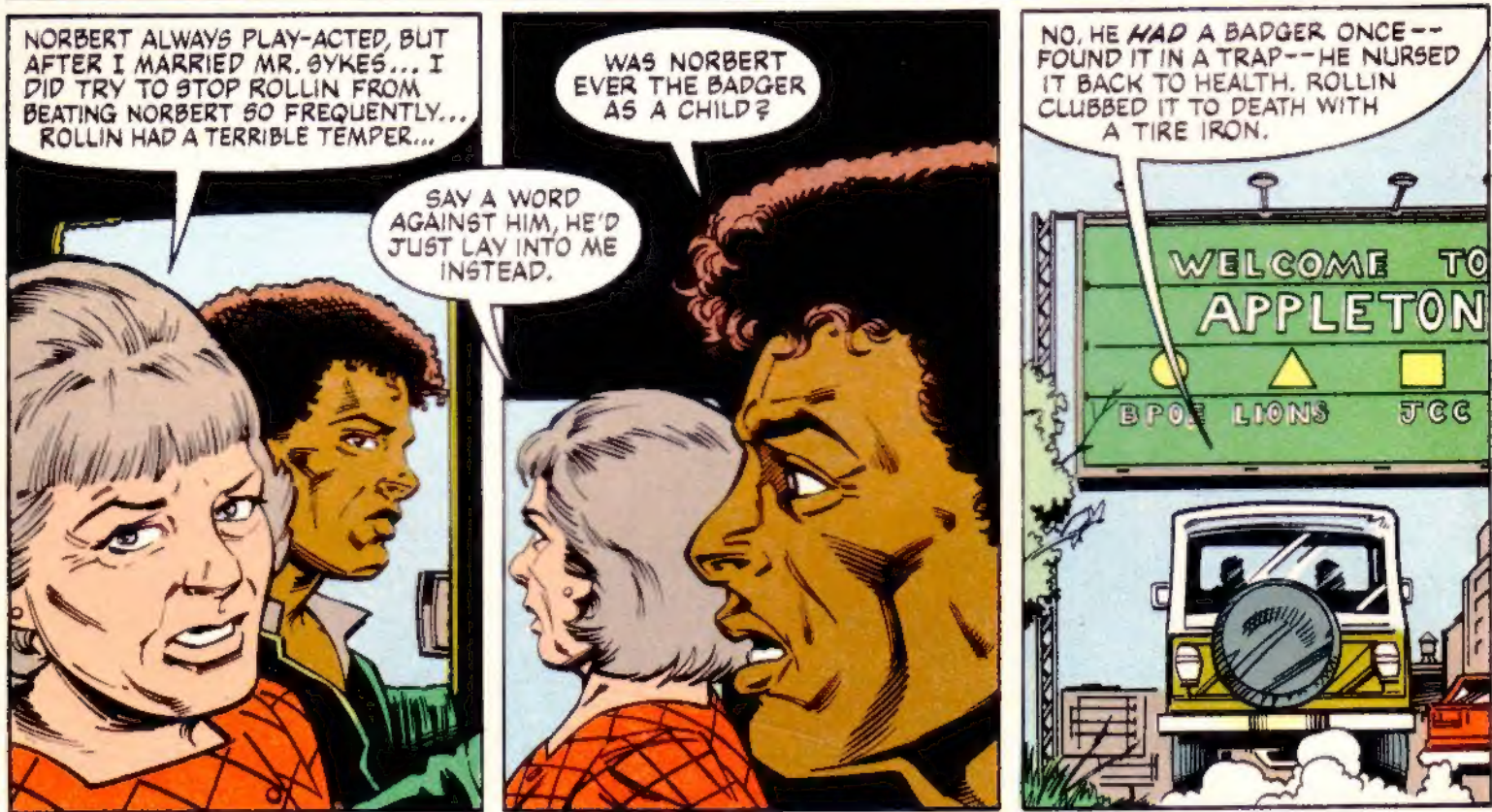
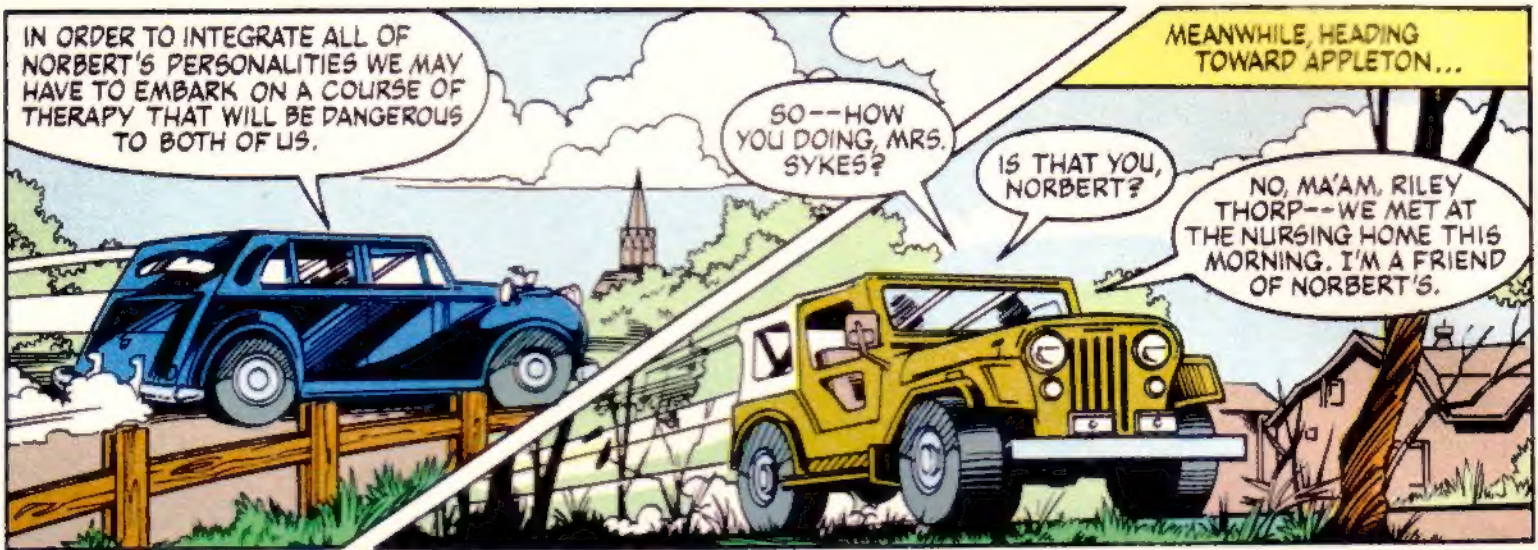
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COLORIST
EDITOR

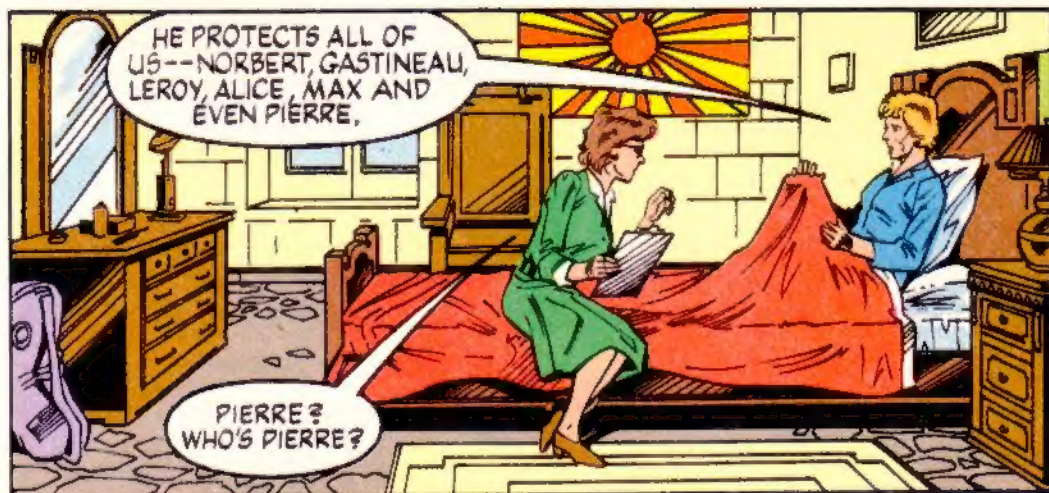
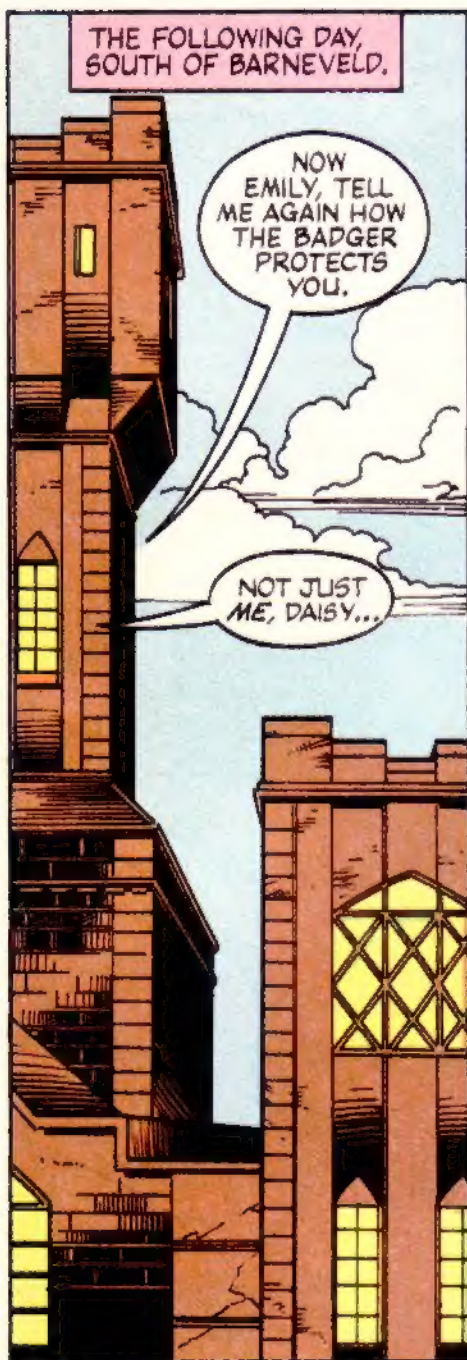
BREAKDOWN ON THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS









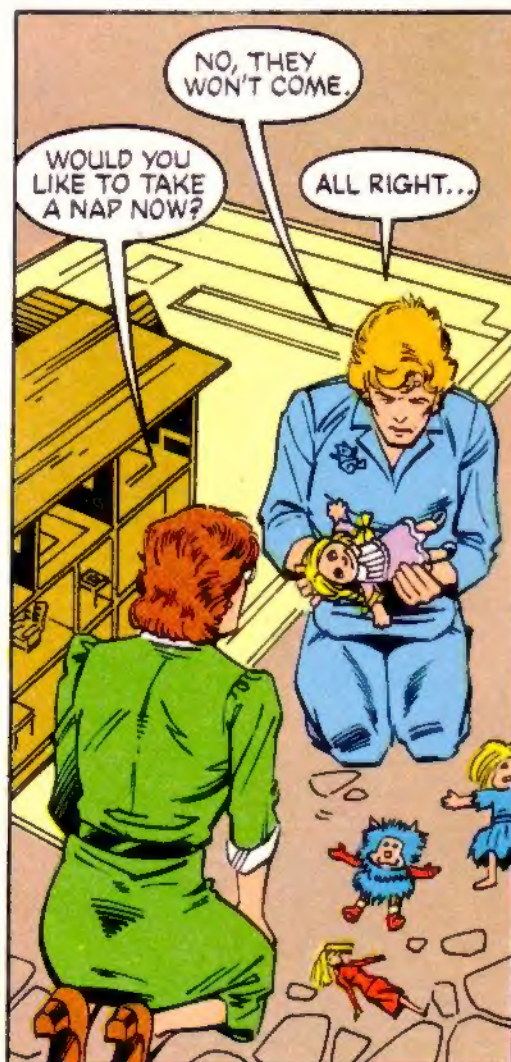
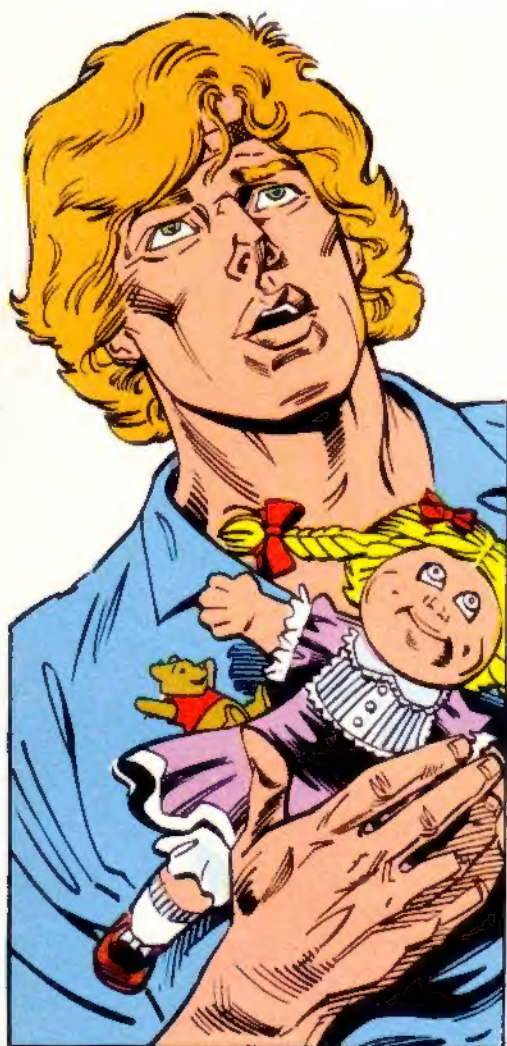
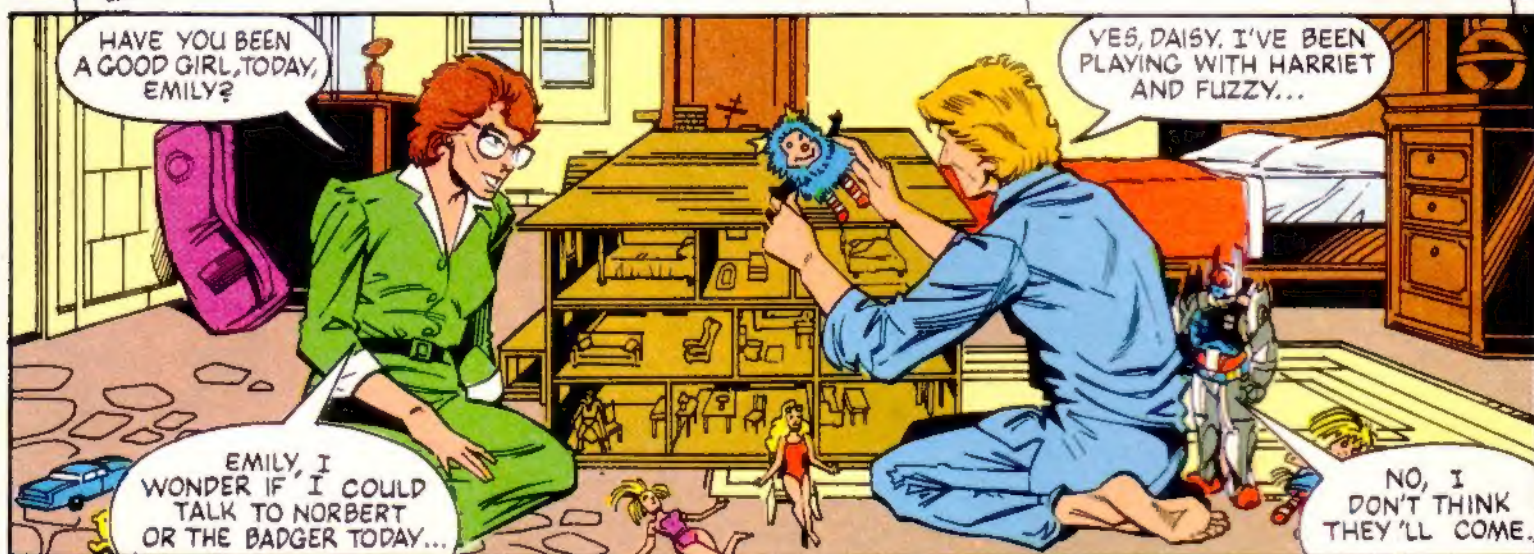


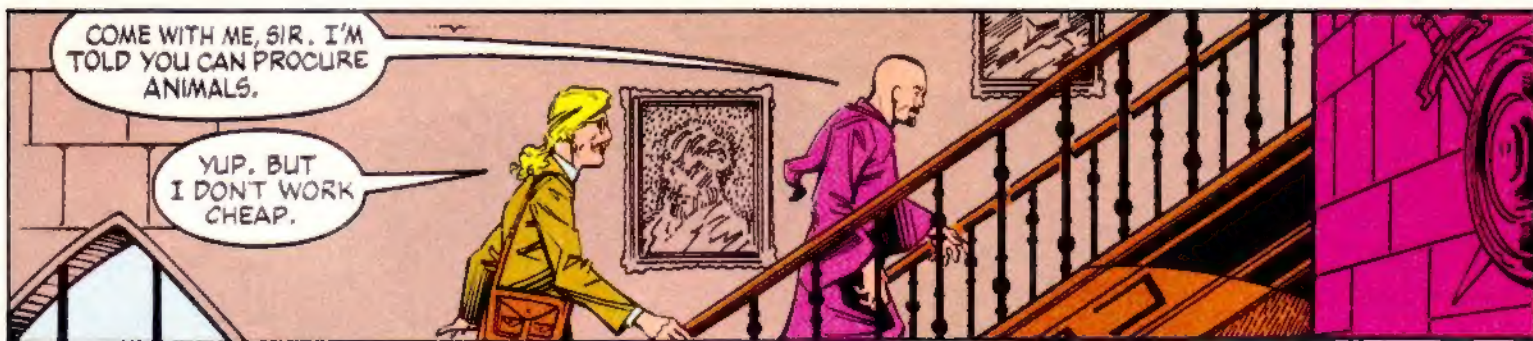
Daisy Fields' Journal--
June 10, 1985--

There are now eight separate personalities: Emily, Norbert, Badger, Gastineau, Leroy, Alice, Max and Pierre. Riley Thorp has provided vital information about Norbert's childhood.

First, we must ease Emily back into one of the male core personalities... The mystery of "Larry" is solved. Larry is Lawrence Tiel, Norbert's NATURAL father, who deserted the family when Norbert was five...

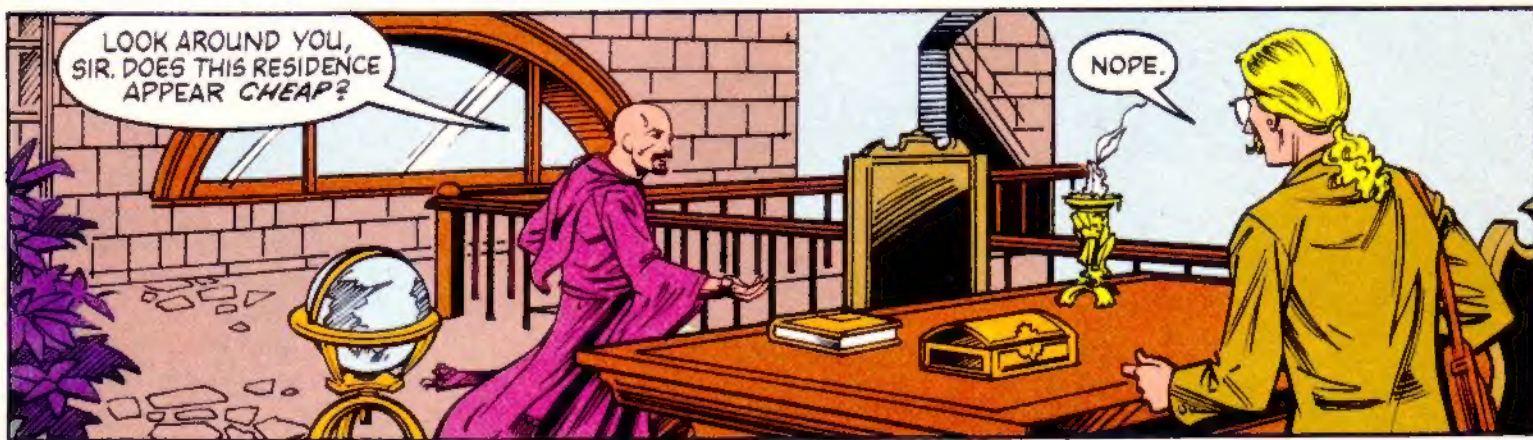
The trauma is probably connected with ROLLIN SYKES, Norbert's step-father and Mrs. Sykes' second husband, present whereabouts unknown. It's too early to question Emily, or any of the personalities about Rollin.





COME WITH ME, SIR. I'M TOLD YOU CAN PROCURE ANIMALS.

YUP. BUT I DON'T WORK CHEAP.



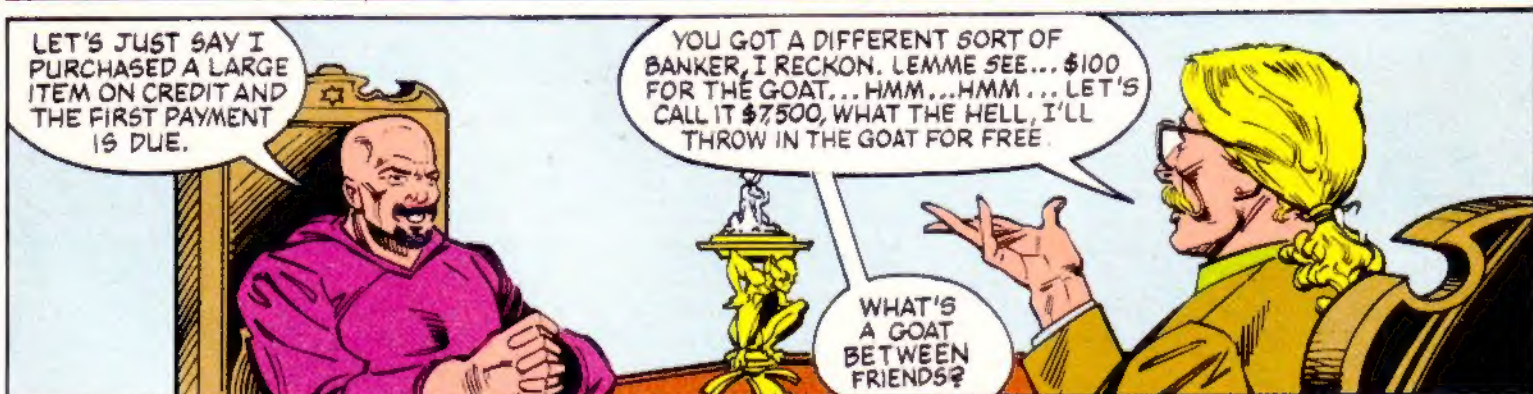
LOOK AROUND YOU, SIR. DOES THIS RESIDENCE APPEAR *CHEAP*?

NOPE.



MY NEEDS ARE HIGHLY SPECIALIZED. I SHALL REQUIRE A BLACK GOAT, A CORAL SNAKE AND A BRACE OF OXEN BY FRIDAY, THE 21ST.

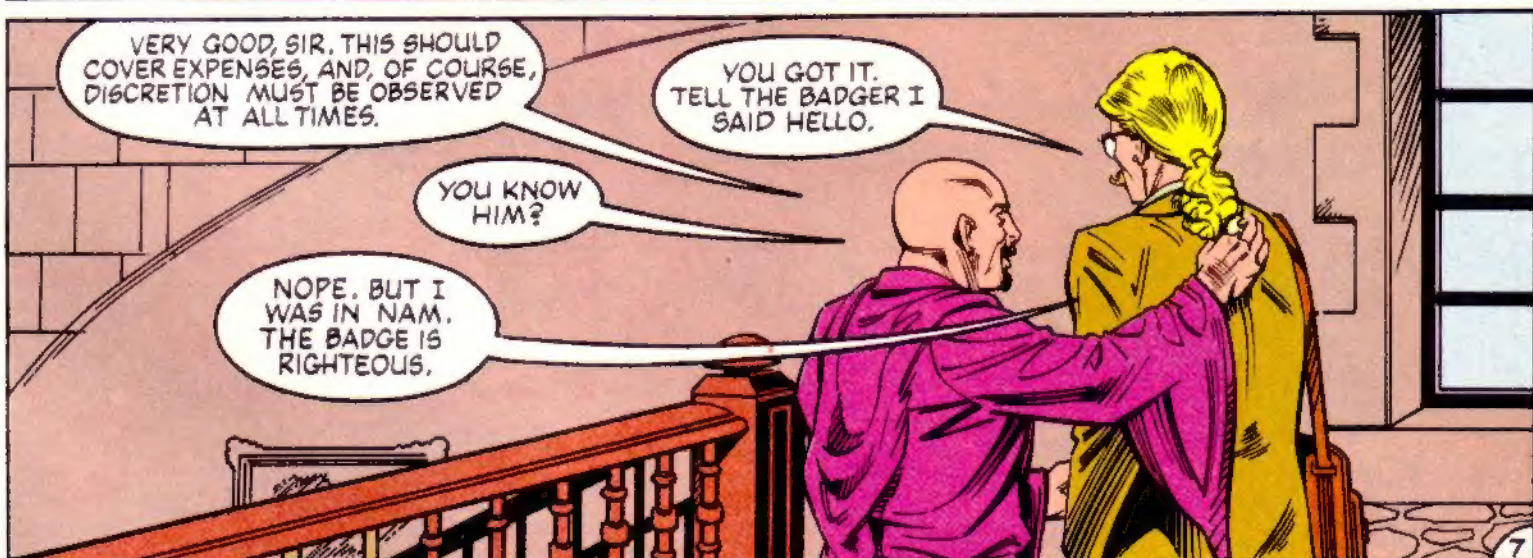
OXEN? THAT'S A TALL ORDER. MR. THORNDYKE, NOT THAT I CAN'T DELIVER. WHAT YOU WANT 'EM FOR, YOU DON'T MIND MY ASKIN'?



LET'S JUST SAY I PURCHASED A LARGE ITEM ON CREDIT AND THE FIRST PAYMENT IS DUE.

YOU GOT A DIFFERENT SORT OF BANKER, I RECKON. LEMME SEE... \$100 FOR THE GOAT... HMM... HMM... LET'S CALL IT \$7500, WHAT THE HELL, I'LL THROW IN THE GOAT FOR FREE.

WHAT'S A GOAT BETWEEN FRIENDS?

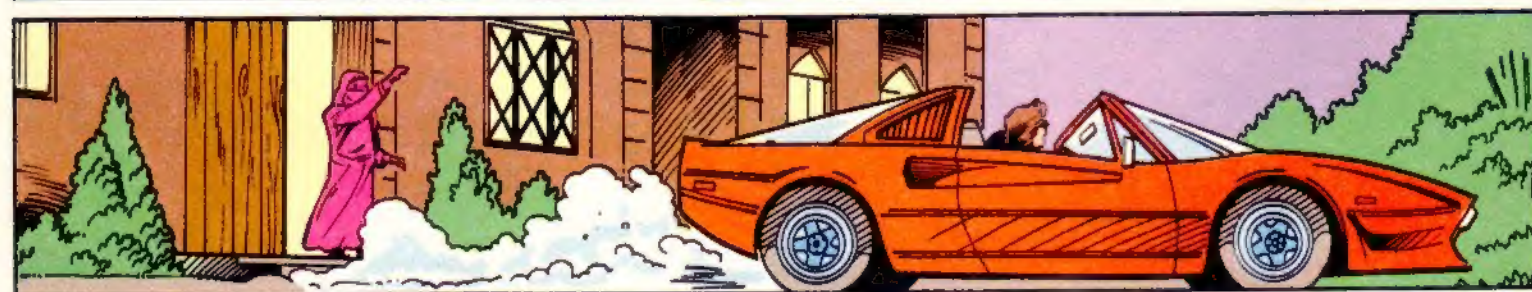
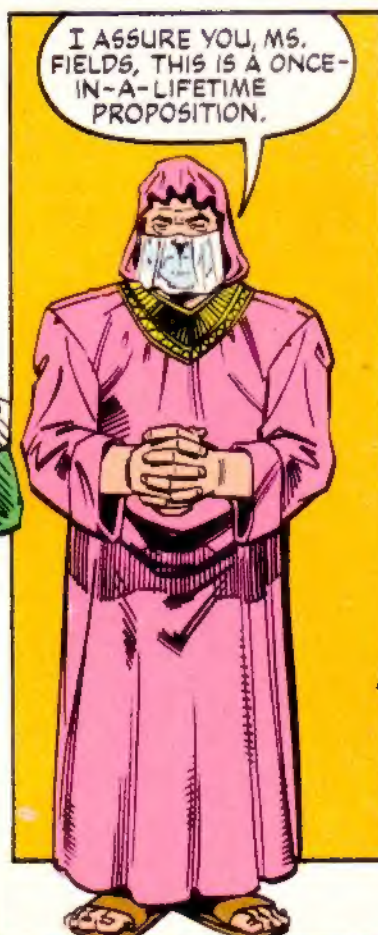


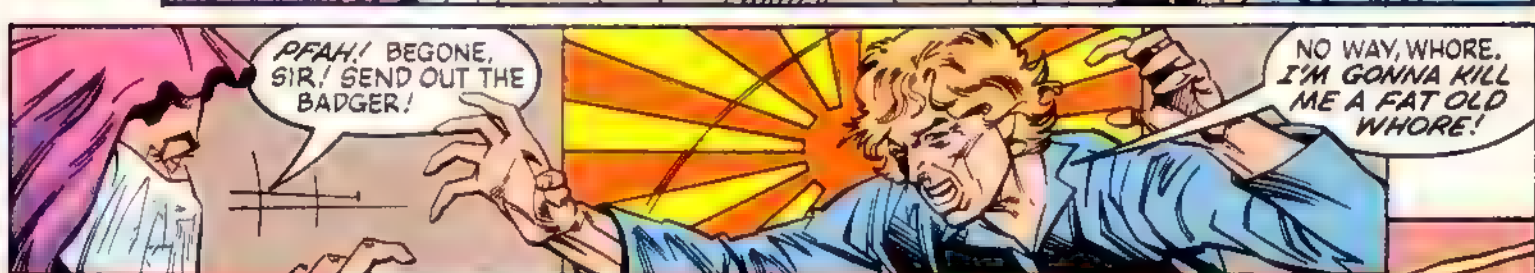
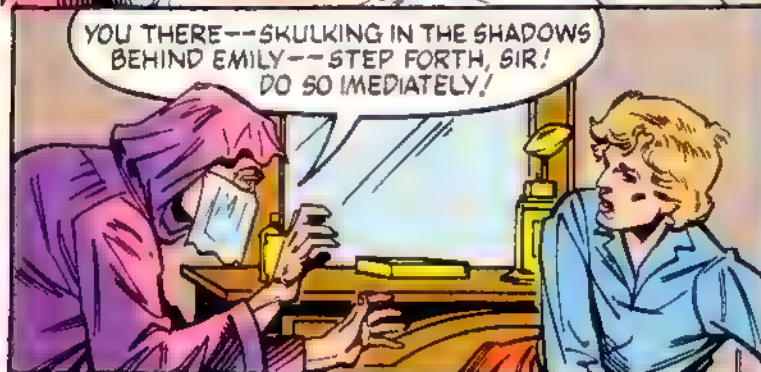
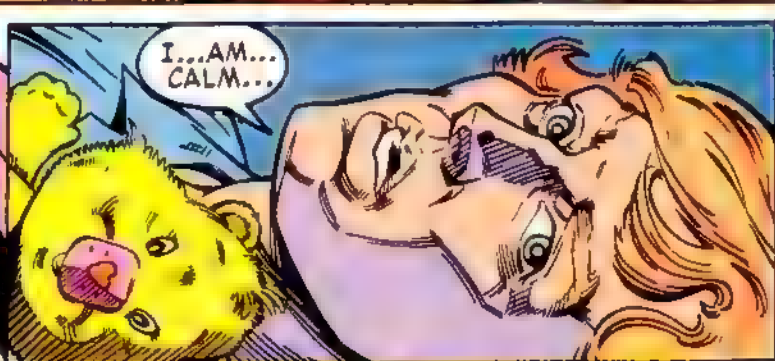
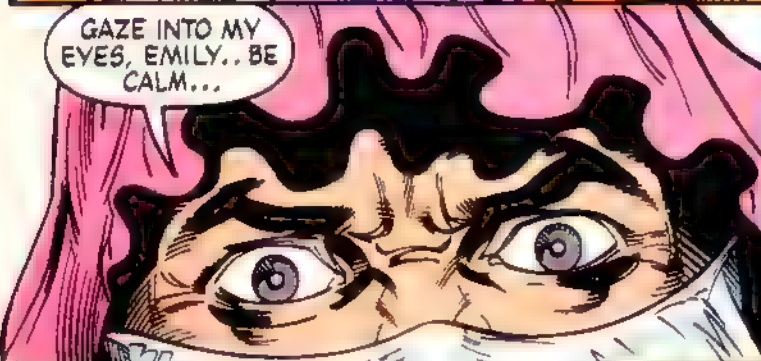
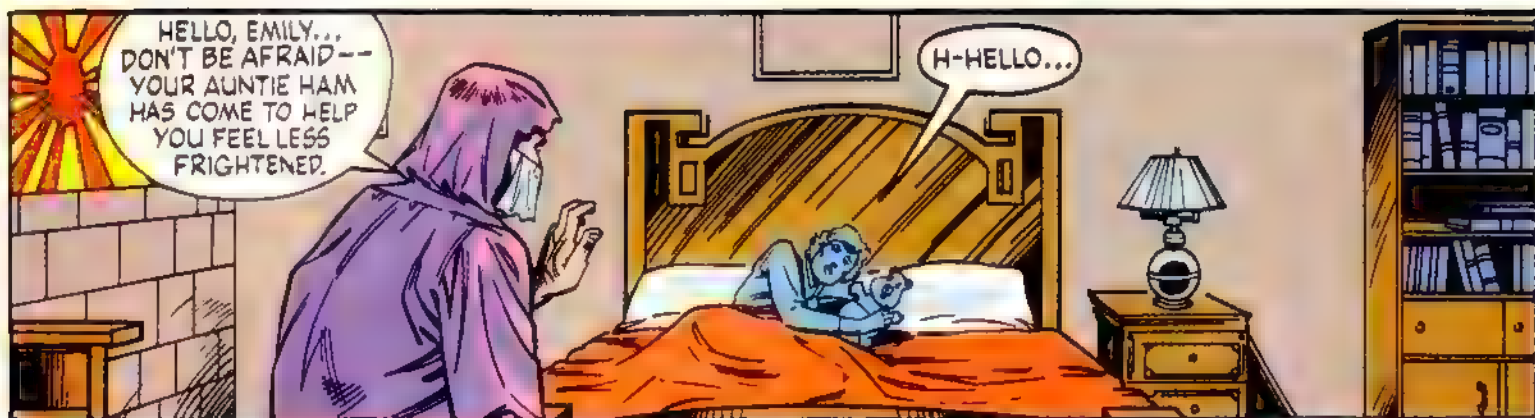
VERY GOOD, SIR. THIS SHOULD COVER EXPENSES, AND, OF COURSE, DISCRETION MUST BE OBSERVED AT ALL TIMES.

YOU GOT IT. TELL THE BADGER I SAID HELLO.

YOU KNOW HIM?

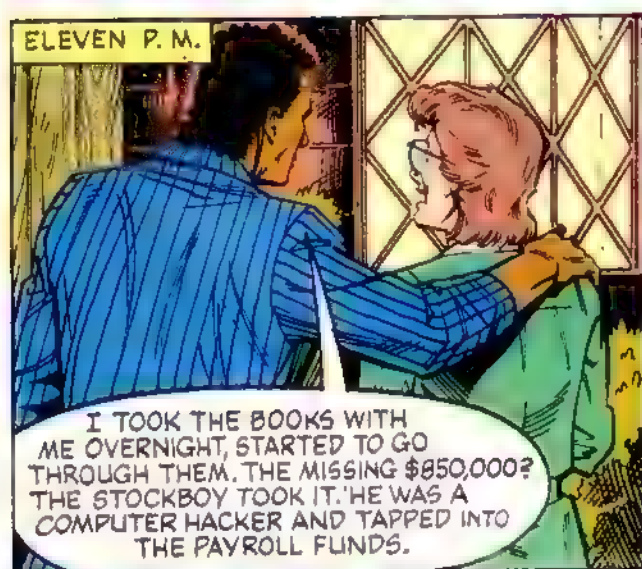
NOPE. BUT I WAS IN NAM. THE BADGE IS RIGHTEOUS.





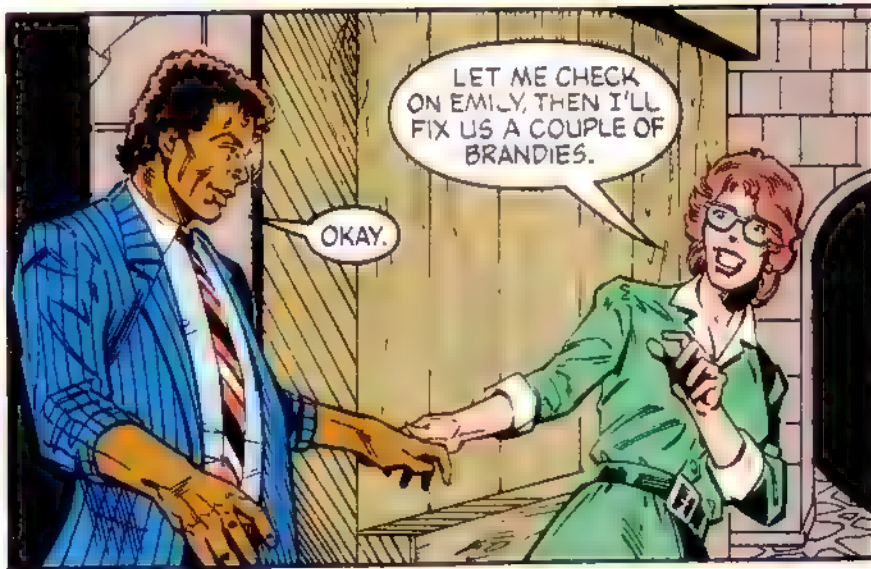


IF WE CANNOT HAVE THE BADGER, THEN SEND FORTH EMILY! OR REMAIN IN CATATONIA!



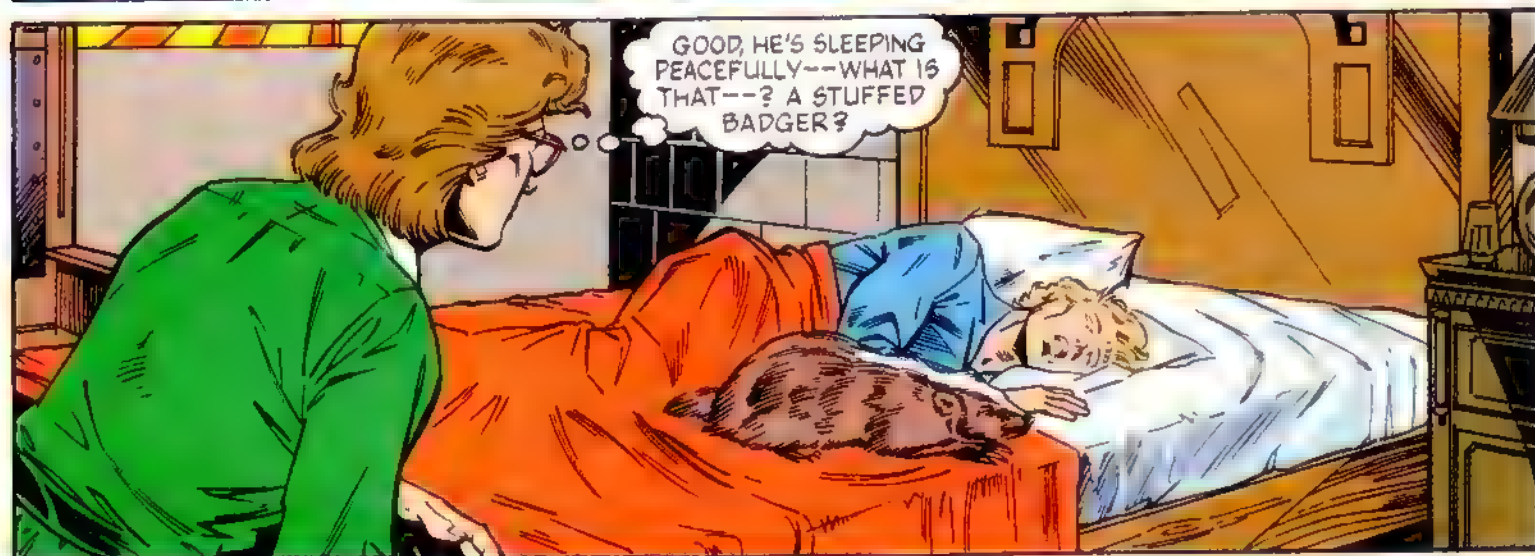
ELEVEN P. M.

I TOOK THE BOOKS WITH ME OVERNIGHT, STARTED TO GO THROUGH THEM. THE MISSING \$850,000? THE STOCKBOY TOOK IT. HE WAS A COMPUTER HACKER AND TAPPED INTO THE PAYROLL FUNDS.

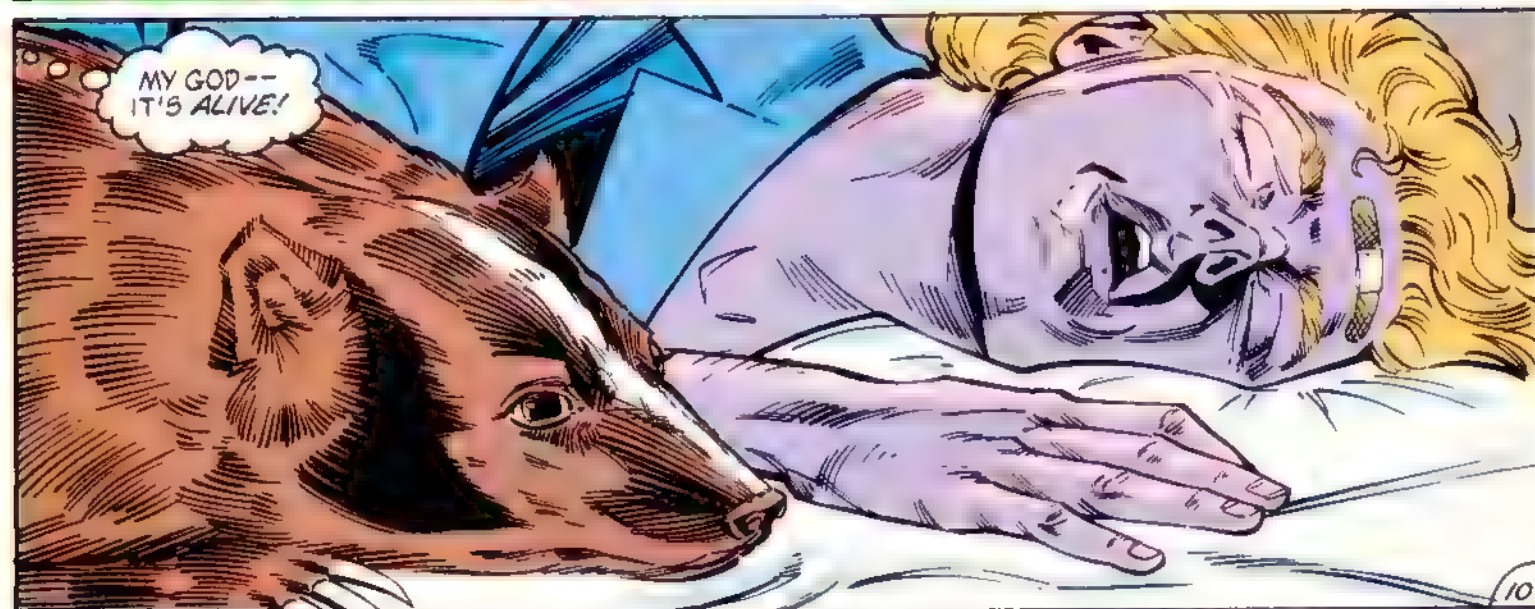


LET ME CHECK ON EMILY, THEN I'LL FIX US A COUPLE OF BRANDIES.

OKAY.



GOOD, HE'S SLEEPING PEACEFULLY--WHAT IS THAT--? A STUFFED BADGER?

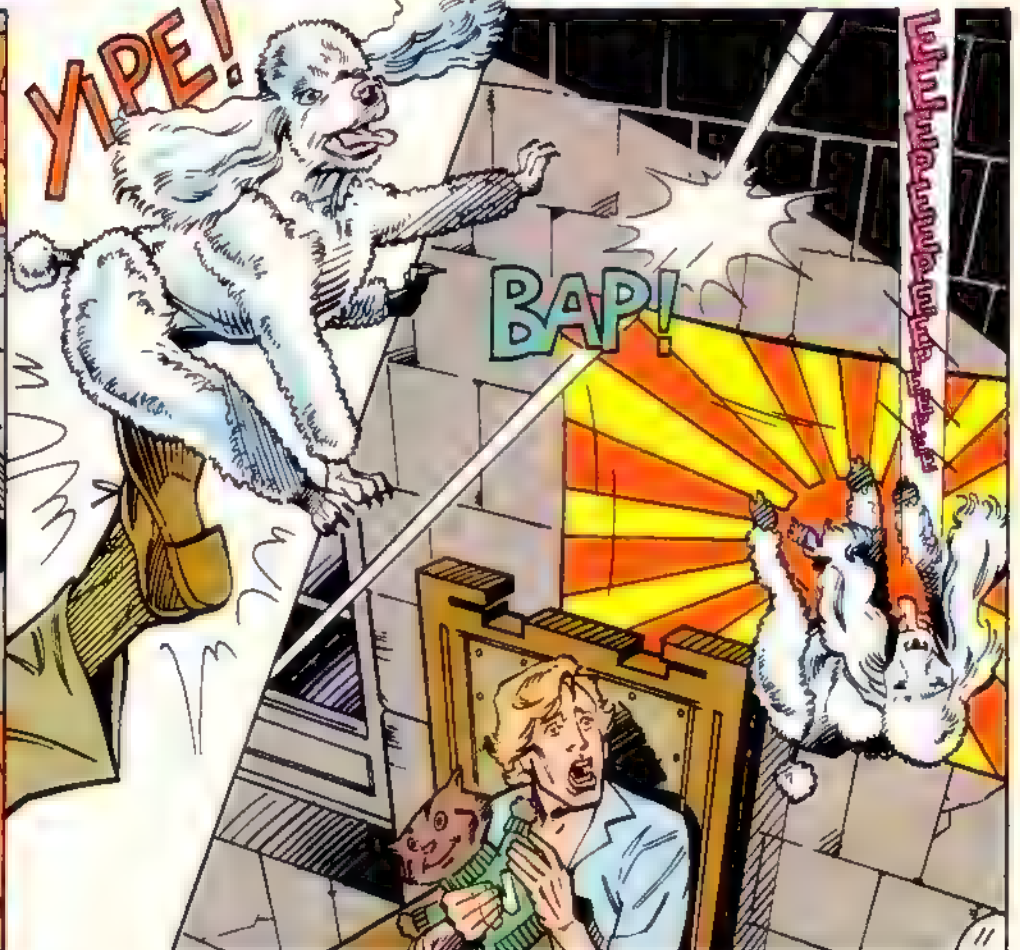
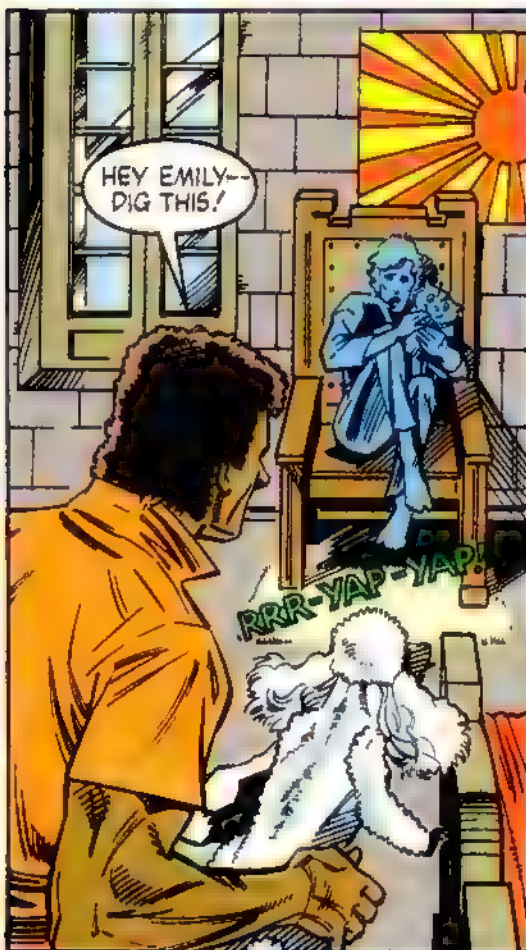
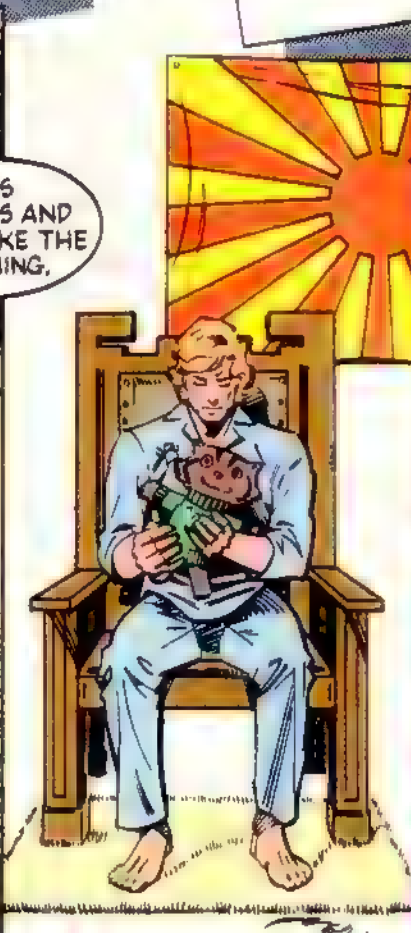


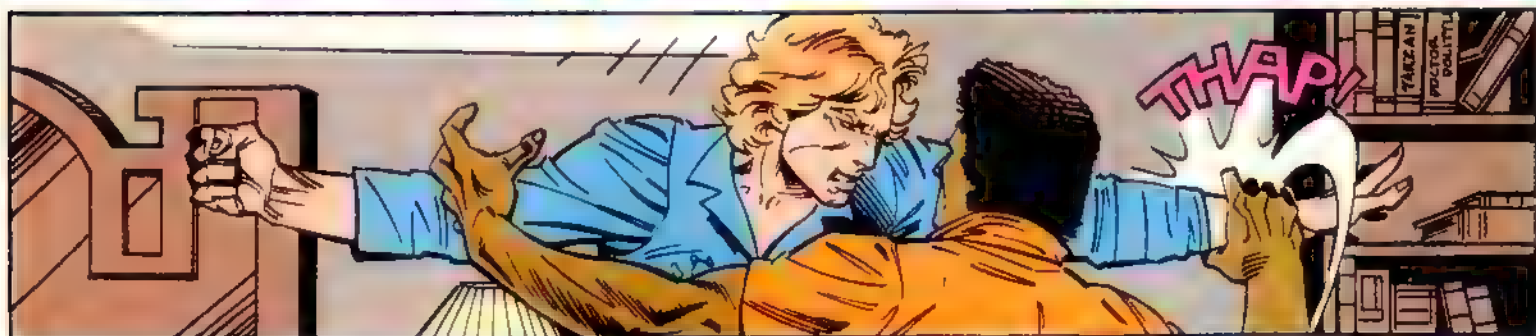
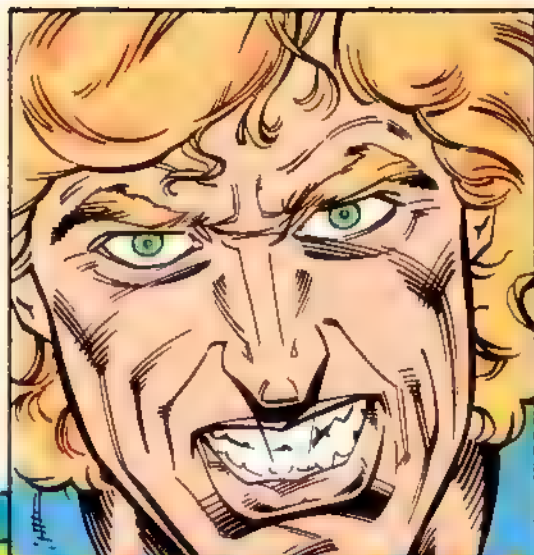
MY GOD-- IT'S ALIVE!

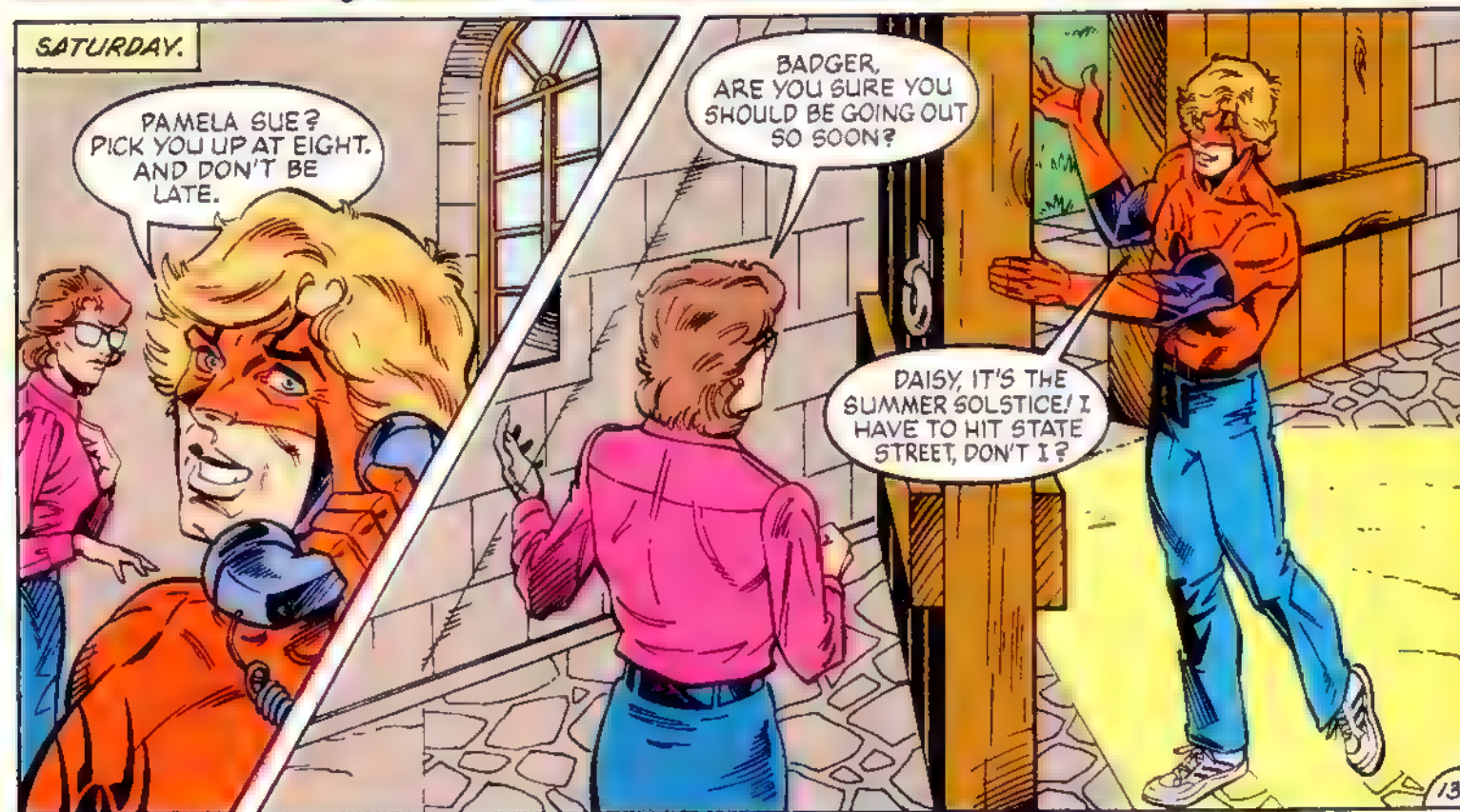
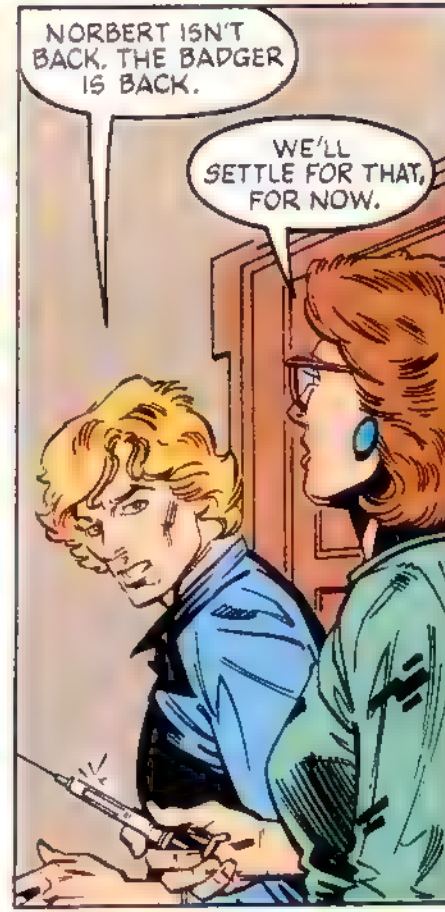
Daisy Fields' Journal--
June 19, 1985--

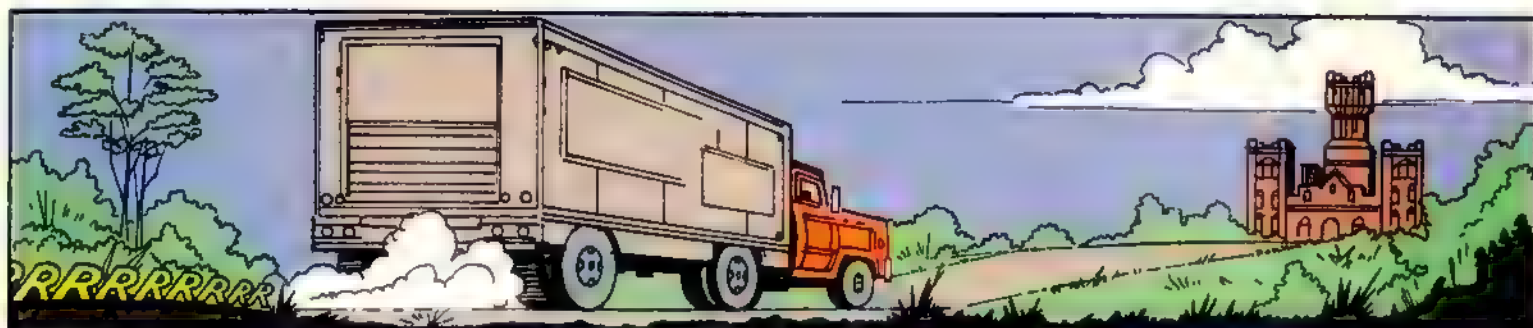
Emily still retains her grip on Norbert's consciousness, although the little girl is beginning to open up and accept Man within her circle of friends. Another reason to move Emily into another personality as soon as possible.

The arrival of the wild badger has given me an idea. I am going to attempt to reach Norbert, or the Badger, with a radical combination of provocative animal therapy...



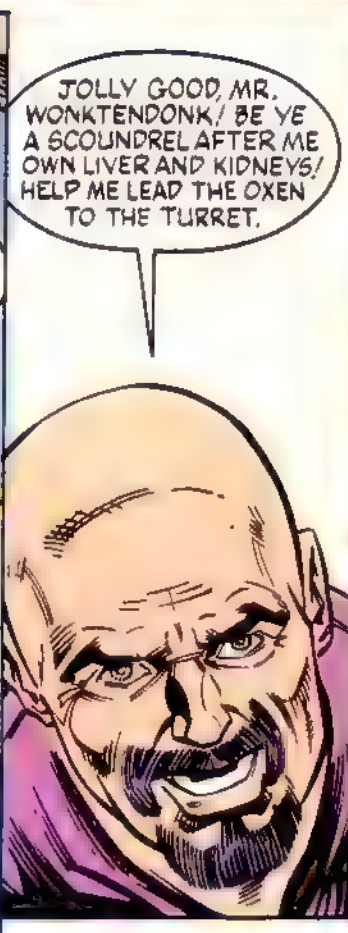




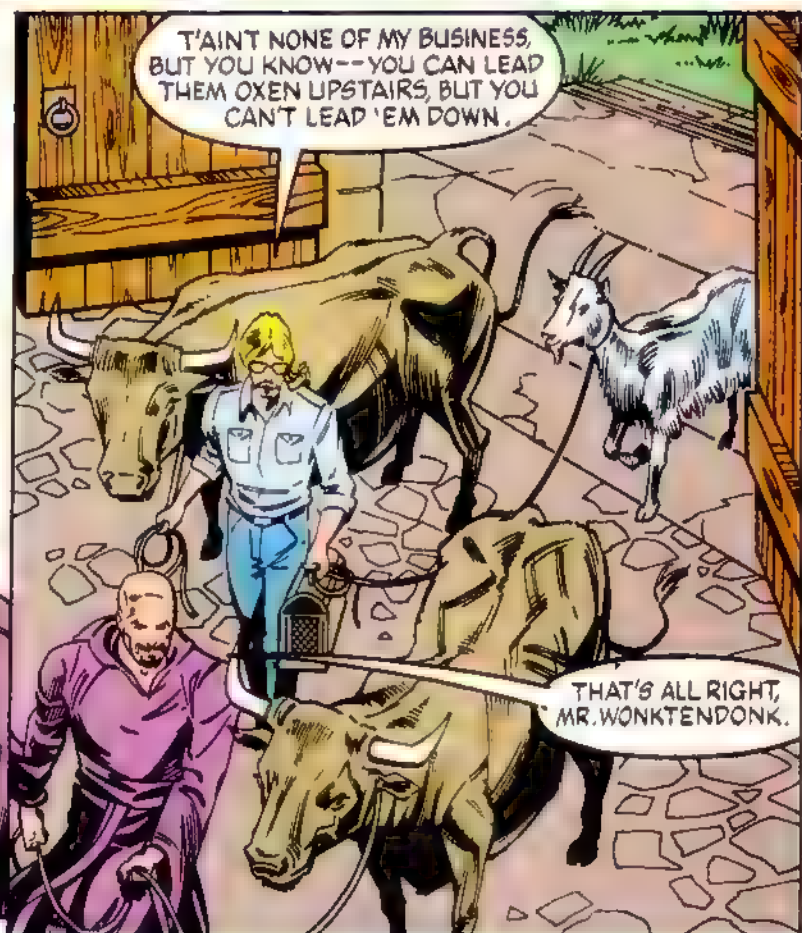


YES?

GOAT, CORAL
SNAKE, TWO OXEN,
WHERE DO YOU
WANT 'EM?



JOLLY GOOD, MR.
WONKTENDONK! BE YE
A SCOUNDREL AFTER ME
OWN LIVER AND KIDNEYS!
HELP ME LEAD THE OXEN
TO THE TURRET.



T'AIN'T NONE OF MY BUSINESS,
BUT YOU KNOW--YOU CAN LEAD
THEM OXEN UPSTAIRS, BUT YOU
CAN'T LEAD 'EM DOWN.

THAT'S ALL RIGHT,
MR. WONKTENDONK.



THEY WON'T BE COMING
DOWN AGAIN.



HEAR ME MY
LORD WETERLAKUS!
NEXT YEAR A WICKER
MAN! I SWEAR!

THE NEAR EAST SIDE--WHERE
HOLISTIC VEGETARIANS VOTE
SOCIALIST LABOR AND GIVE THEIR
CHILDREN NON-SEX-ROLE TOYS.

LET'S CRUISE STATE STREET--
THERE WAS A RABID RAT
OUTSIDE BROWN'S BOOKSTORE
LAST NIGHT.

I'M HUNGRY.
WHERE ARE WE
GOING?

HONEY BADGER--
WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH
A RABID RAT?

TALK WITH
IT-- REASON
WITH IT.

IF I CAN BRING JUST ONE RABID
RAT INTO THE LIGHT, THEN I SHALL
NOT HAVE LIVED IN VAIN. GET OUT
OF THE WAY, YOU
★@%#★*@!!

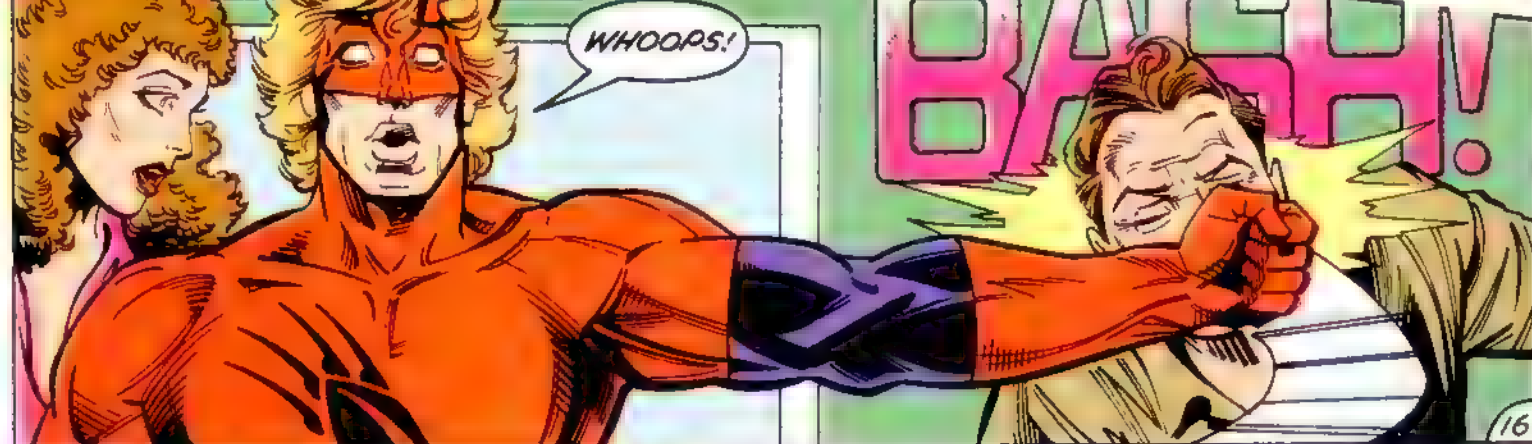
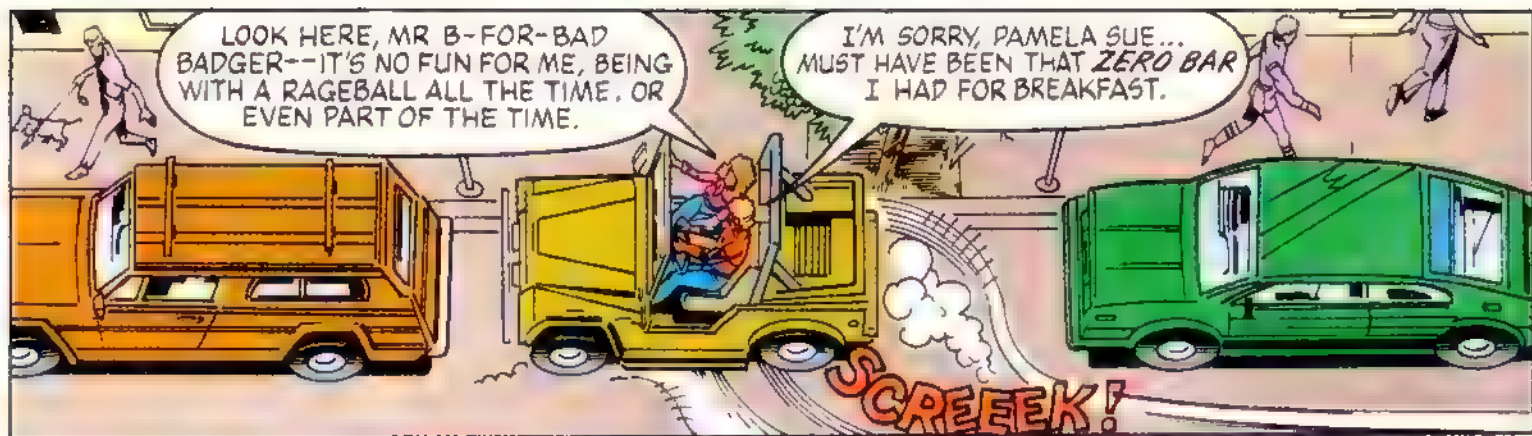
#\$X%@*
YOU!!

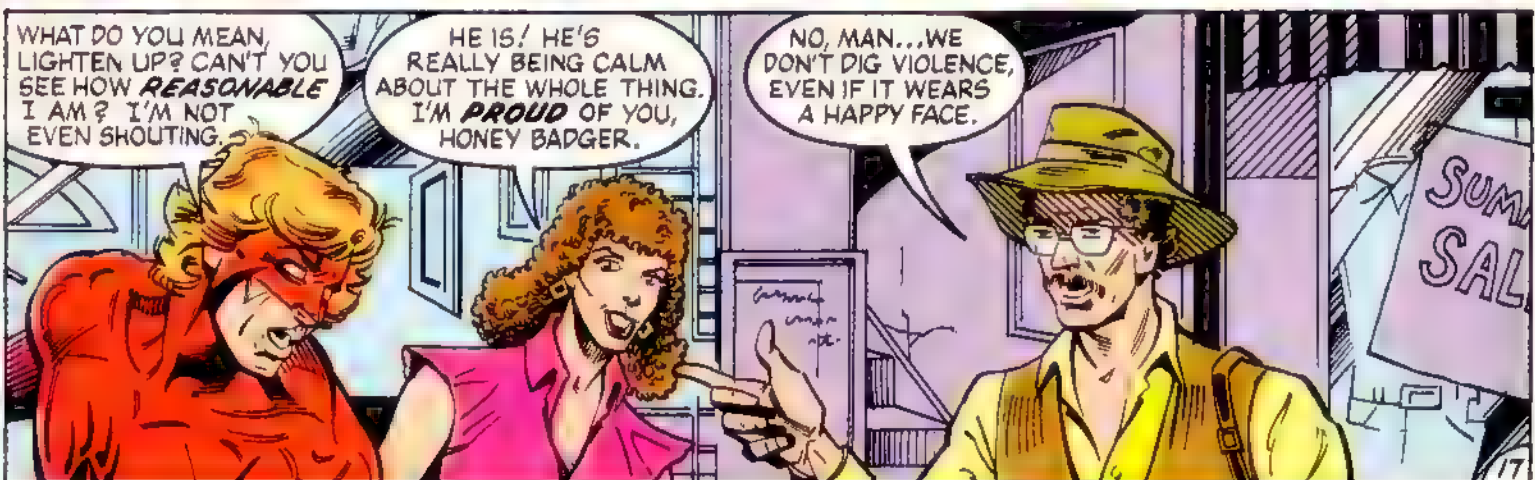
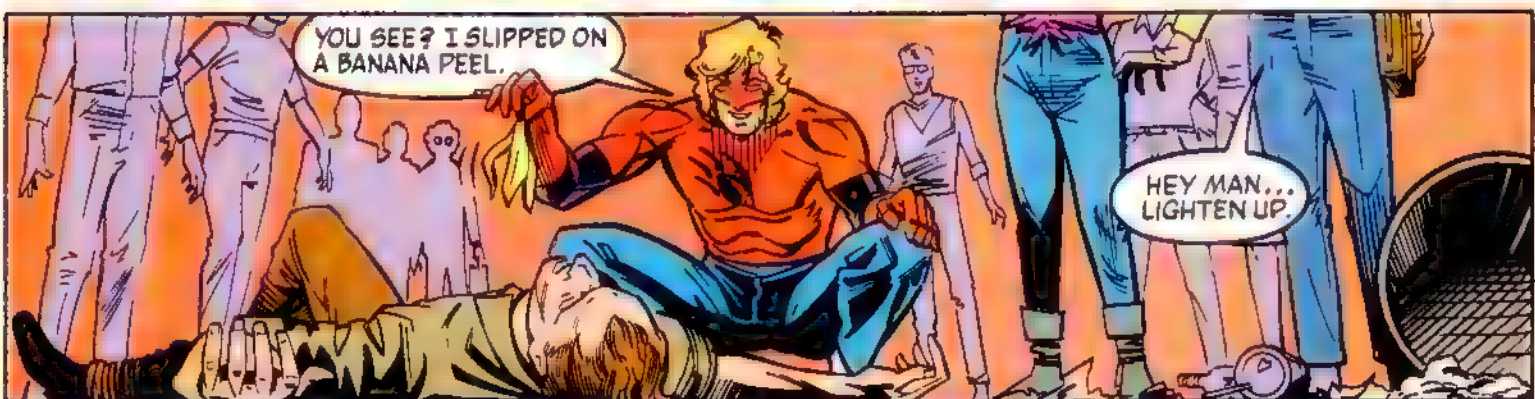
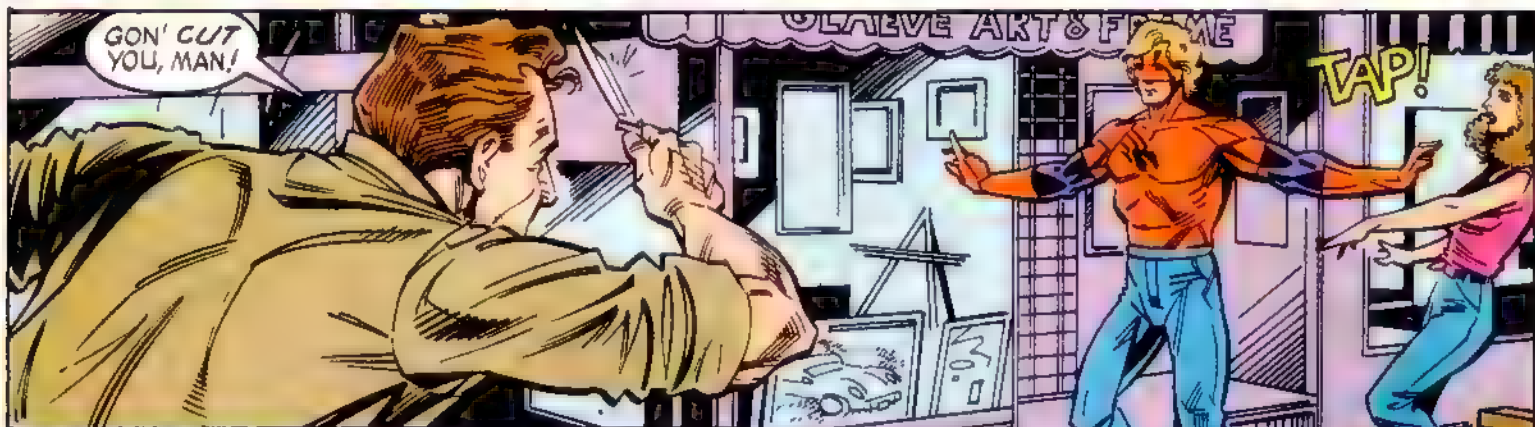
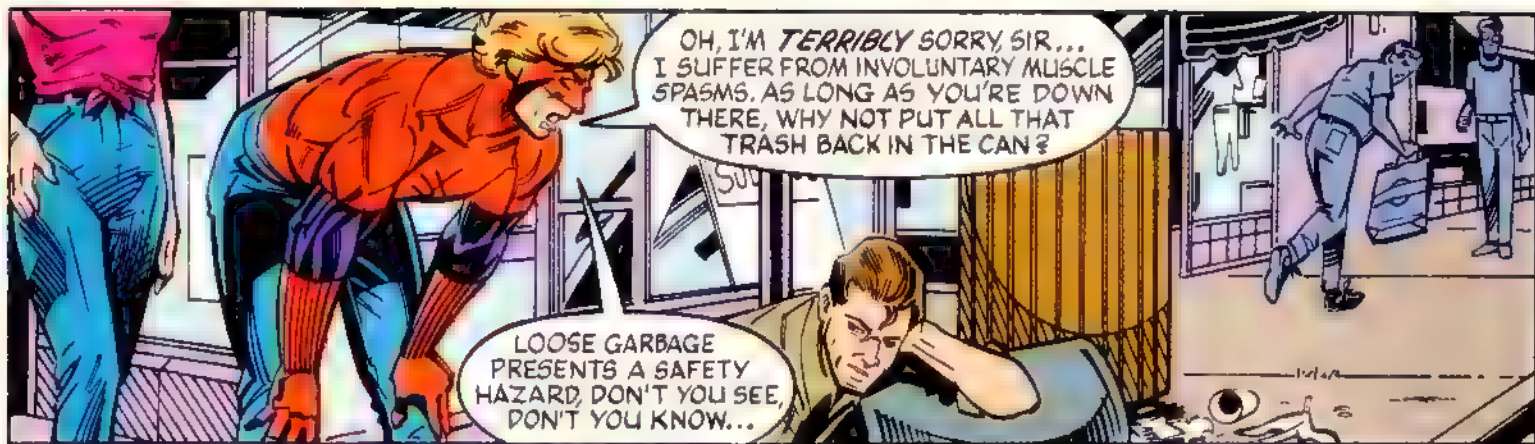
KISS MY
★\$★!!

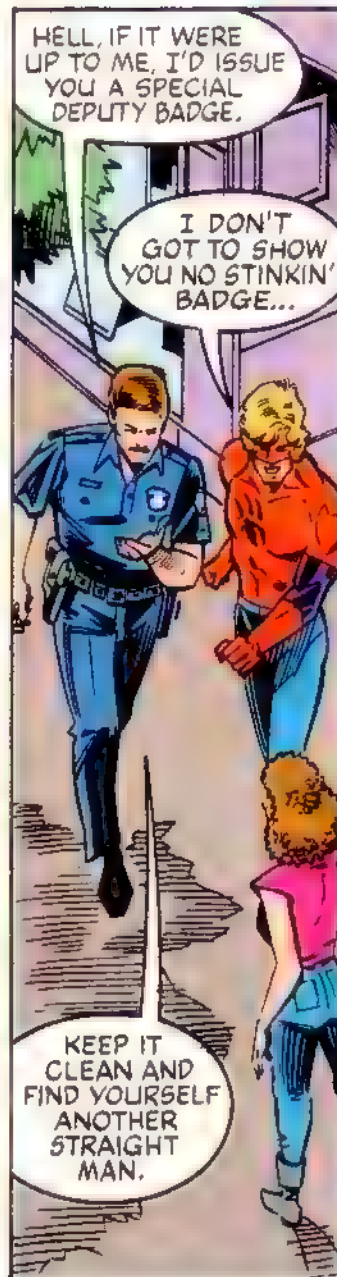
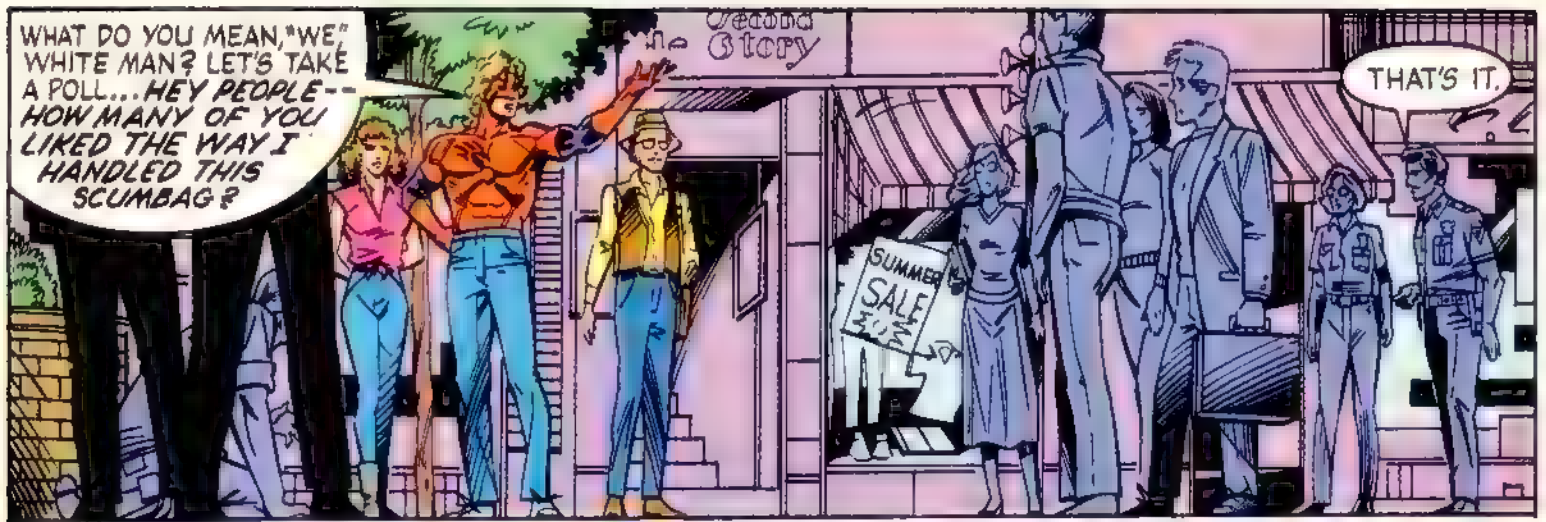
IS THIS
NECESSARY?

DAISY SAYS YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO CONTROL
YOUR ANGER.

HE WAS
TAKING HIS BITE
OUT OF THE
MIDDLE!







NINE P.M. HAVING DINED AT ONE OF MADISON'S MANY POSH PIZZARIAS, THE BADGER AND PAMELA SUE HIT THE STREET.

WHY ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE WEARING COSTUMES?

BUT YOU'RE WEARING A COSTUME.

I HAVE AN EXCELLENT REASON. I'M ON A MISSION FROM GOD.

EXCUSE ME, SIR, WHY ARE YOU WEARING A COSTUME?

ZORBA'S RESTAURANT

TO-GA!
TO-GA!
TO-GA!

IT'S THE JAPS. THEY'RE PLANNING ANOTHER SNEAK ATTACK, THE LOUSY...

THAT GUY DIDN'T LOOK VERY JAPANESE...

PARTY TO CELEBRATE THE SUMMER SOLS

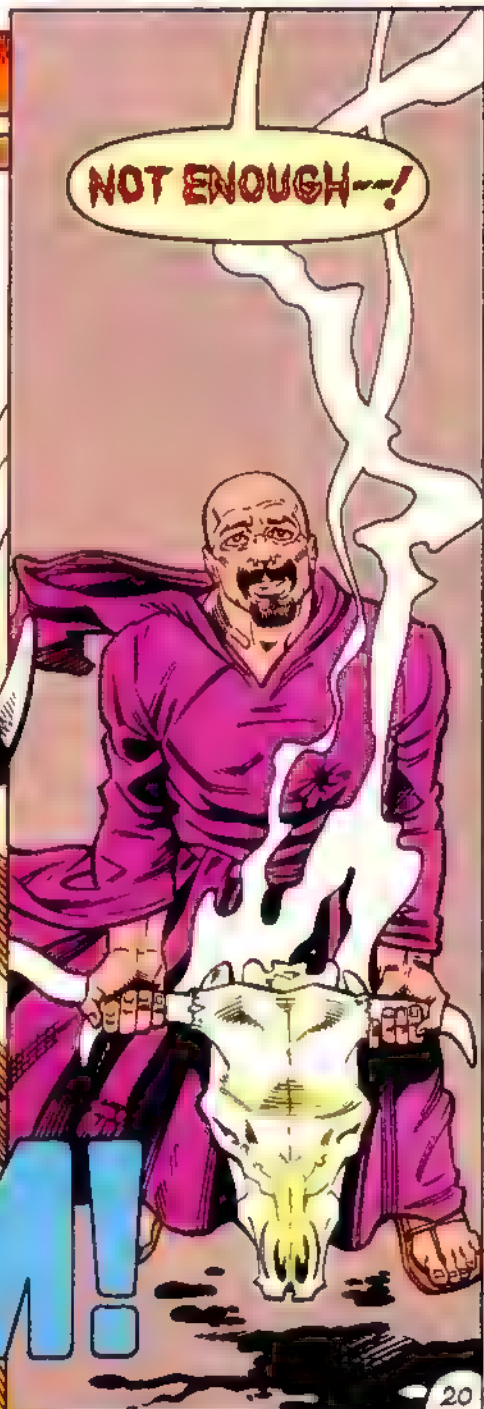
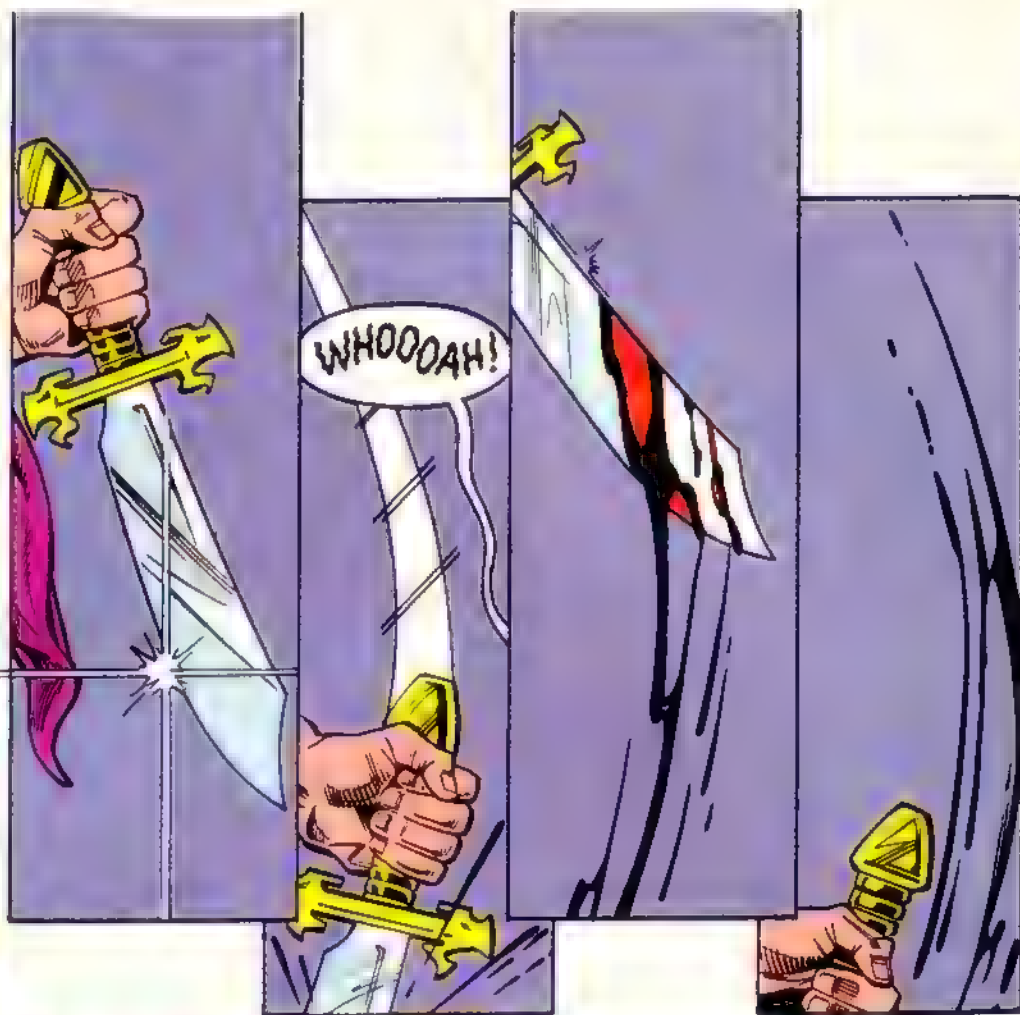
THEY'RE CLEVER, THESE ORIENTALS. DAMN CLEVER!

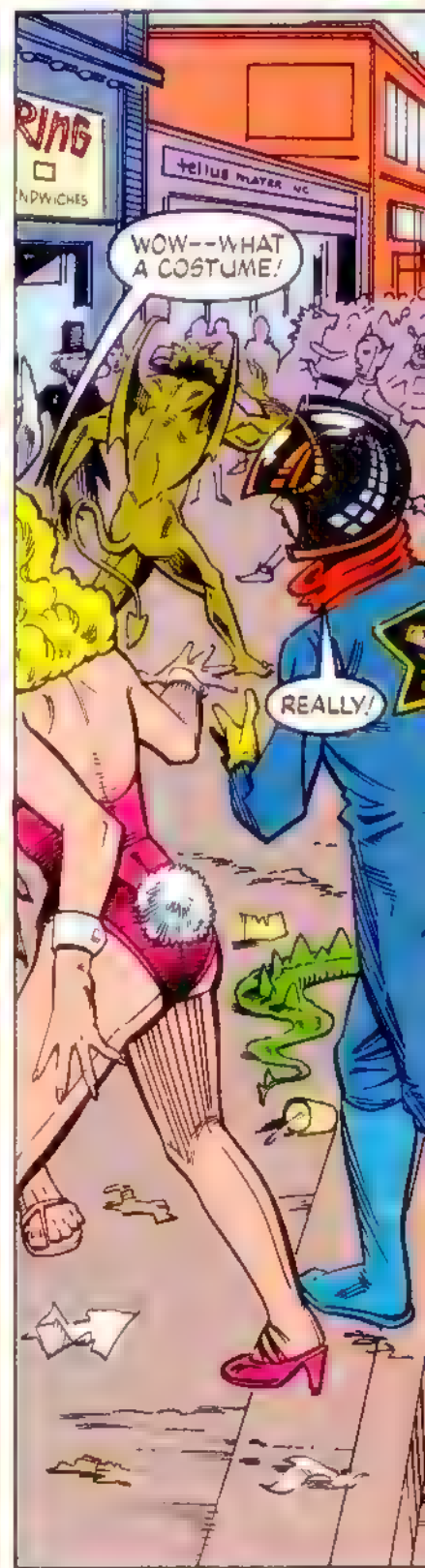
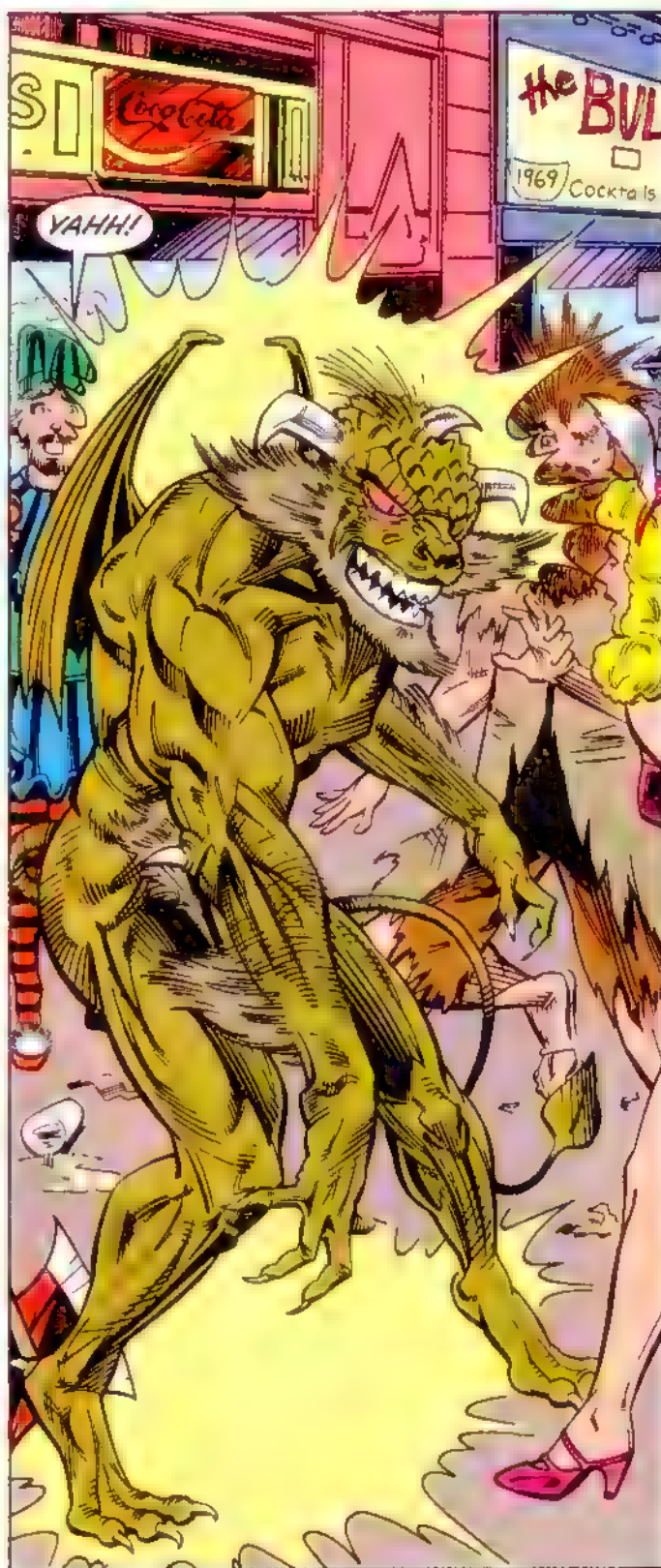
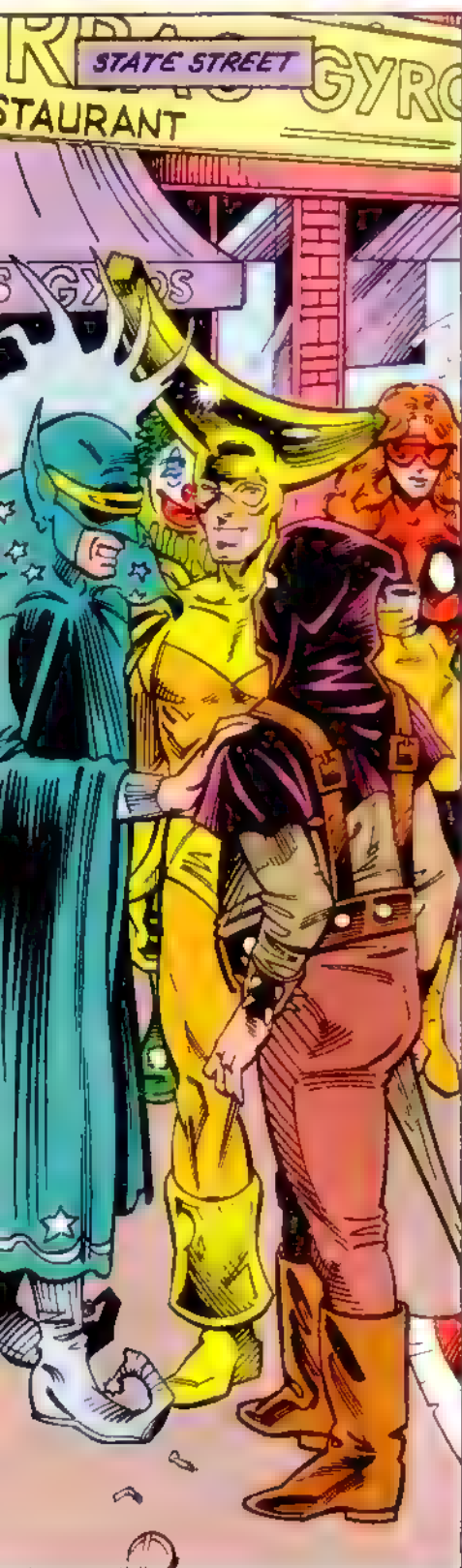
WHERE TO NOW, MASTERMIND?

WHAT KIND OF PROBLEM?

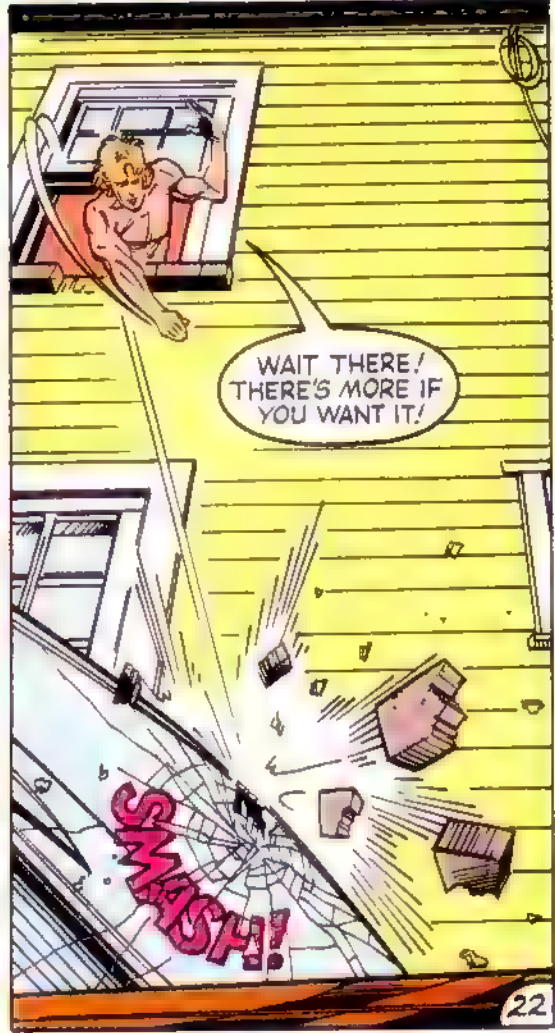
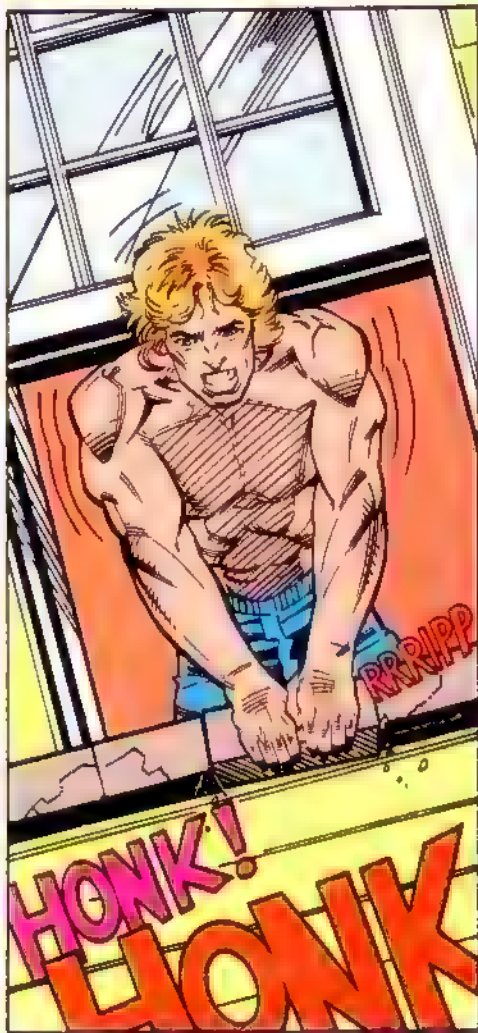
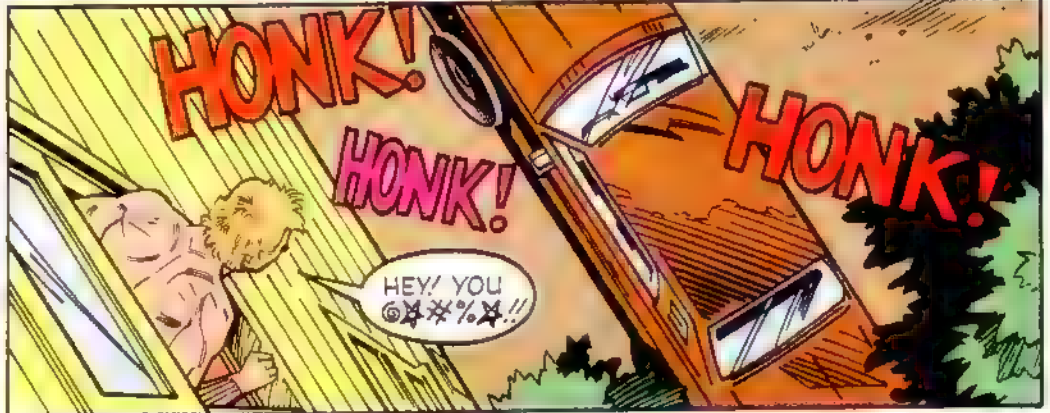
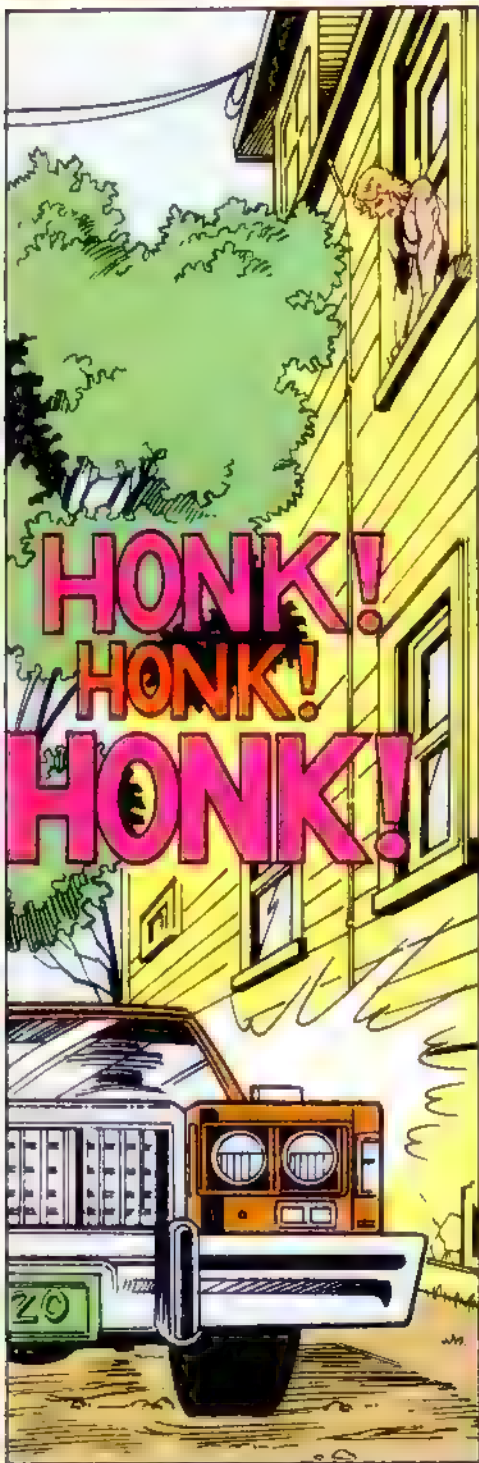
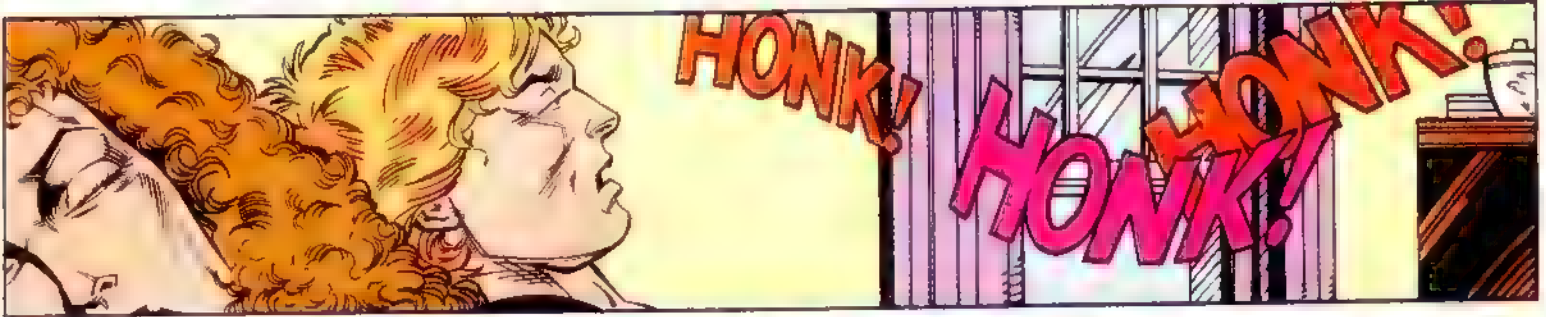
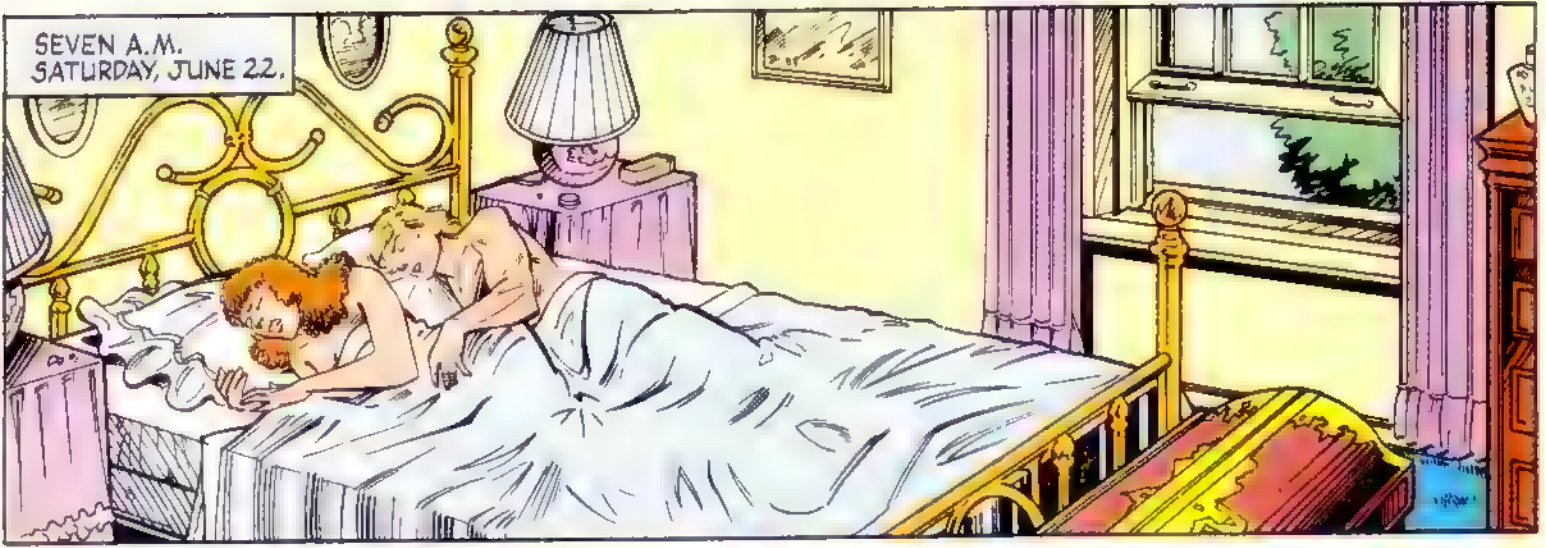
THE BADGER BOWL -- I HEAR THEY HAVE A SANITATION PROBLEM.

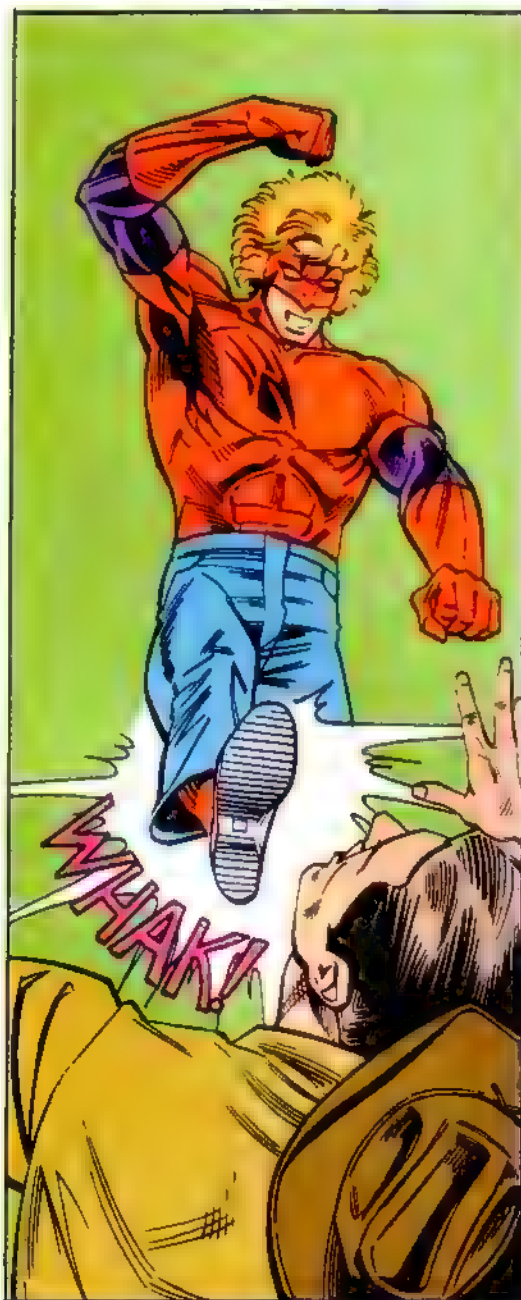
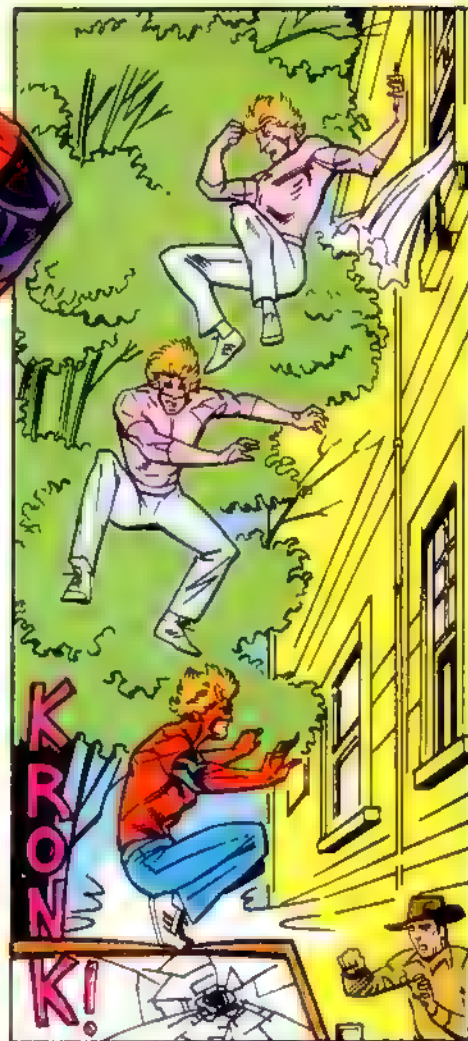
THE BADGERS CAN'T GET INTO THE DUMPSTER. WELL, WE'LL JUST SEE ABOUT THAT!

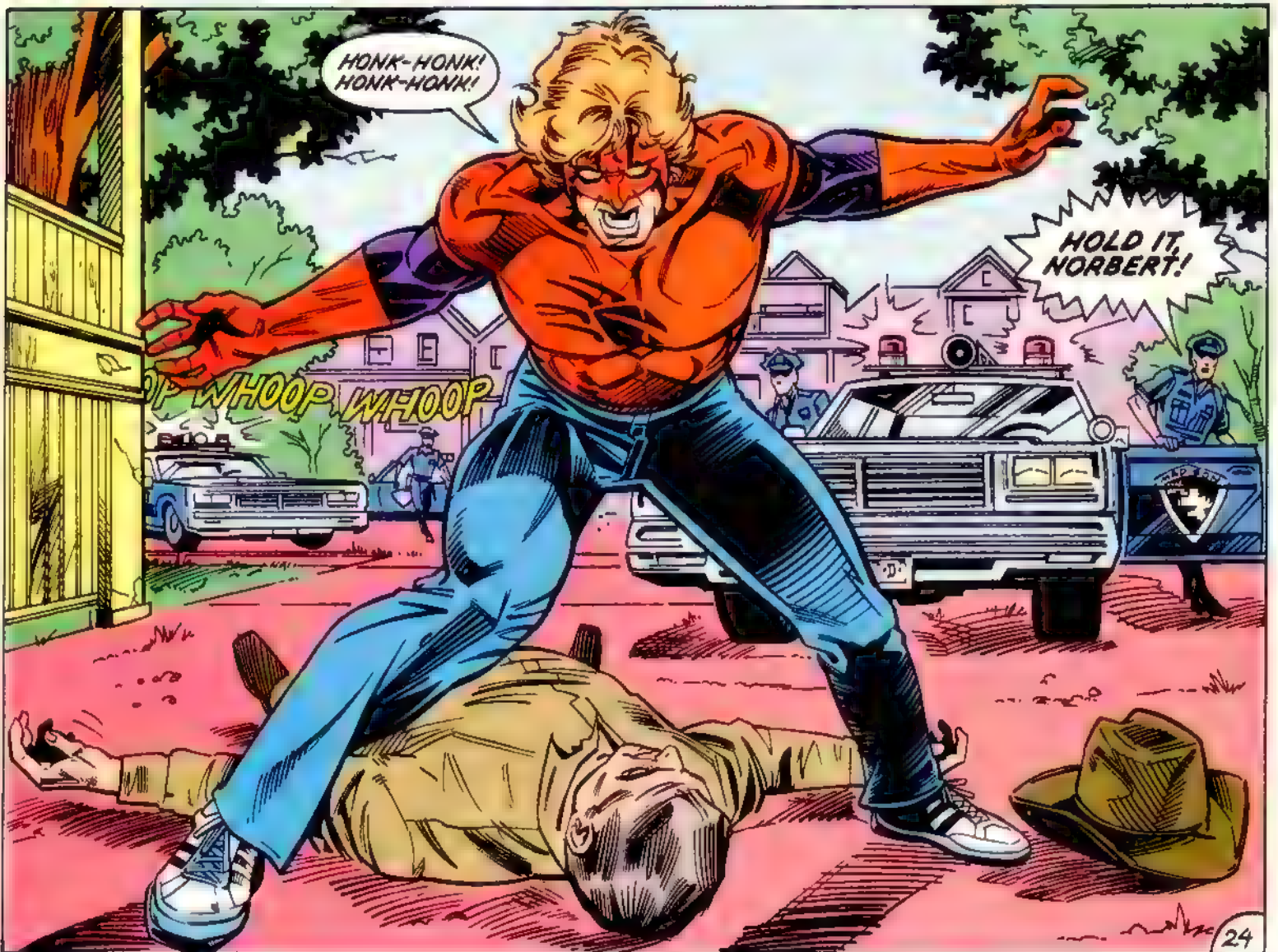
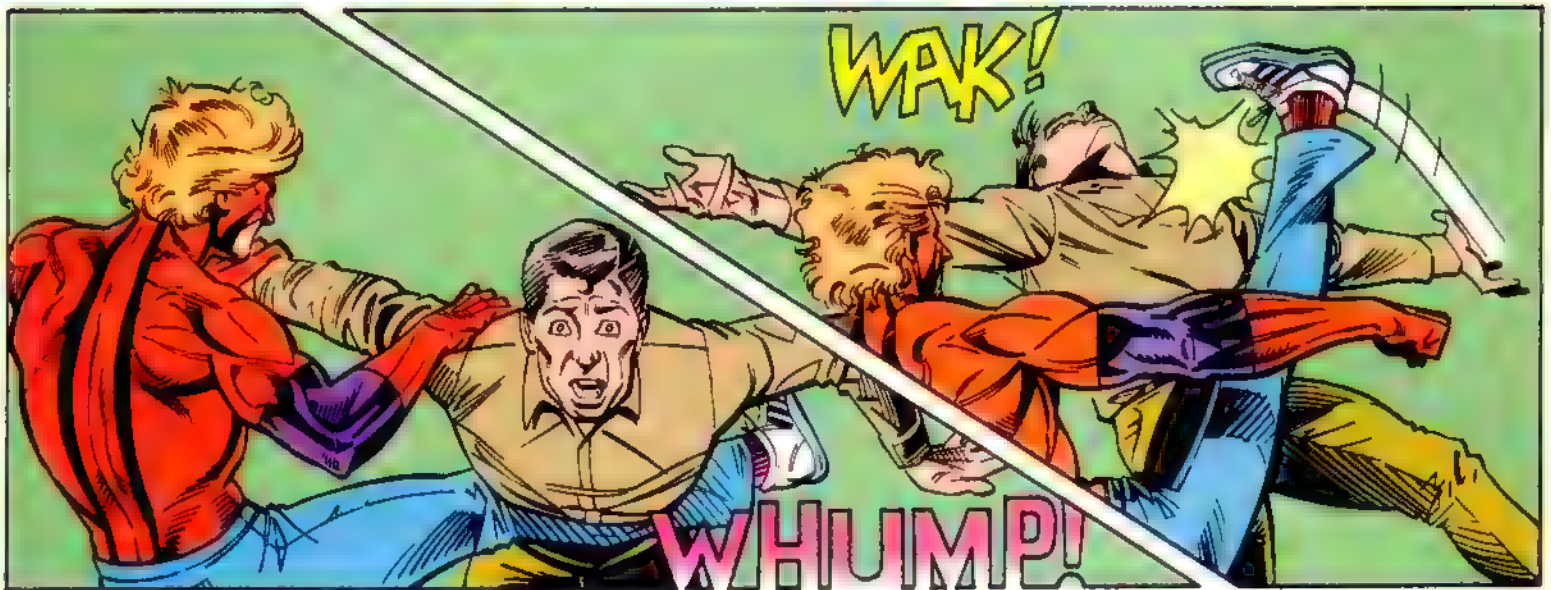
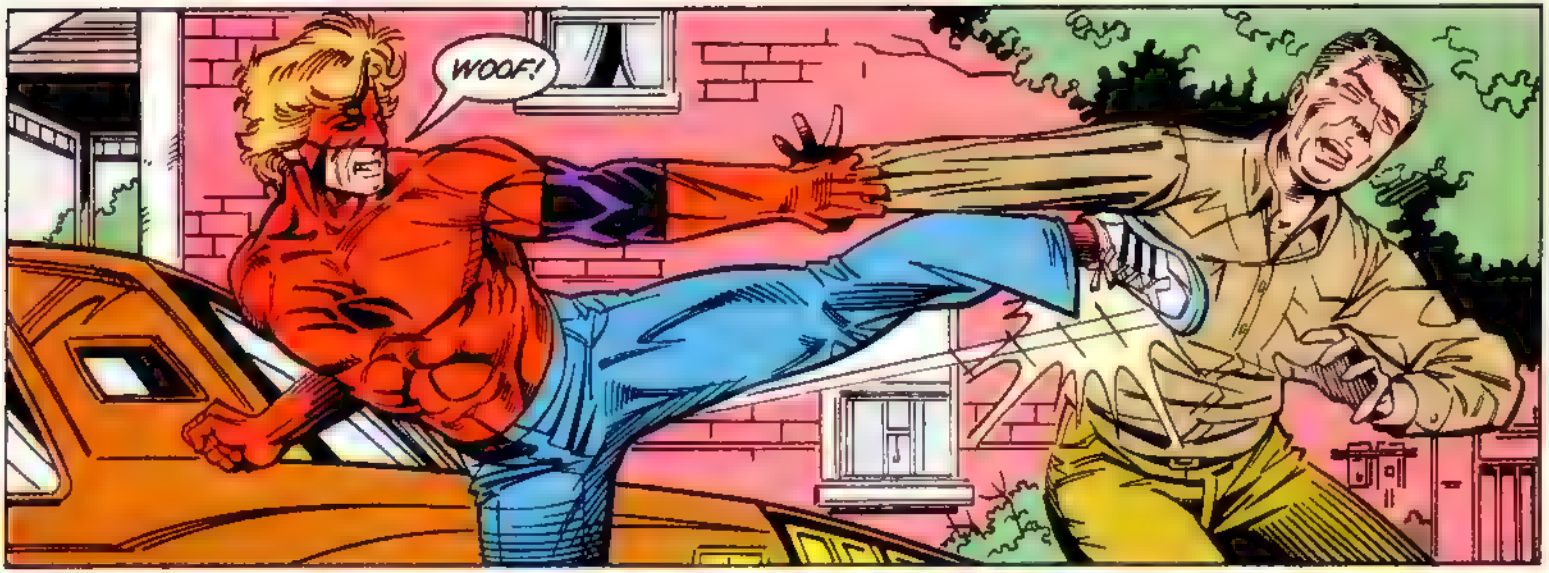




SEVEN A.M.
SATURDAY, JUNE 22.









COUNTY COURTHOUSE,
MONDAY MORNING.

MR. SYKES, DO
YOU UNDERSTAND
THE CHARGES
AGAINST YOU?

GRRRRR--
HONK! HONK!
GRRRRRR!

DOES MR.
SYKES HAVE
COUNSEL?

GRRRRRRRR--

YOUR HONOR, I'M
STEVE RICE FROM THE
PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE.
I'M REPRESENTING
MR. SYKES.

YOUR HONOR,
I'M DAISY FIELDS.
I'M MR. SYKES'
THERAPIST...

GRRRRRRR

ARE YOU
A DOCTOR?

IT'S OBVIOUS THAT MR.
SYKES IS DISTURBED. I'D LIKE
TO REMAND HIM TO THE STATE
HOSPITAL FOR OBSERVATION.
WOULD COUNSEL PLEASE
APPROACH THE BENCH?

NO, YOUR
HONOR. I'M A CLINICAL
PSYCHOLOGIST.

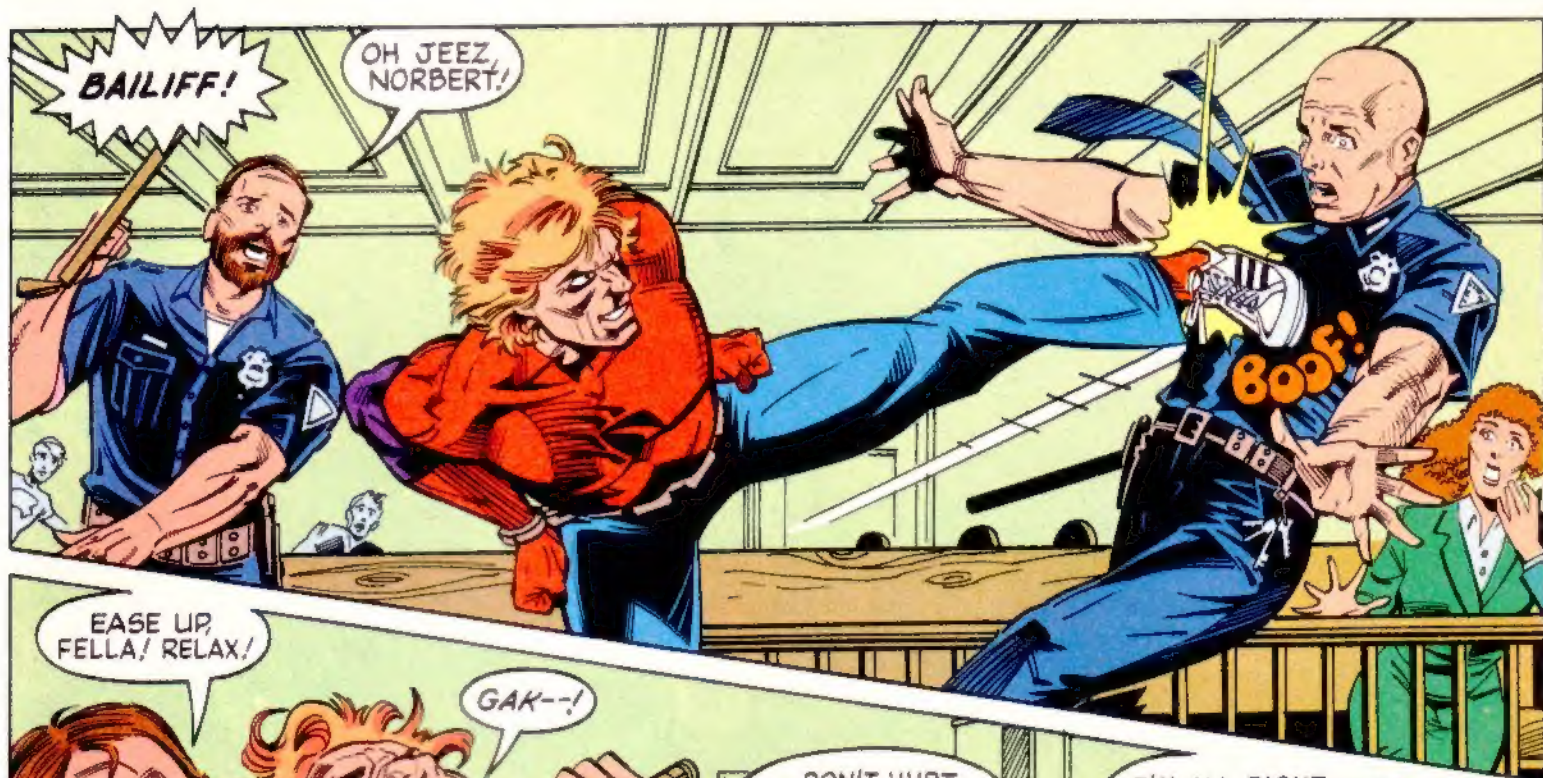
MR. RICE, WOULD YOU
CONCUR IT'S IN THE ACCUSED'S
BEST INTEREST TO UNDERGO
PSYCHIATRIC OBSERVATION?

I WOULD,
YOUR HONOR.

I REMAND MR.
SYKES TO NAKOMA STATE
HOSPITAL FOR A PERIOD OF 30
DAYS, AT WHICH TIME I WILL
HEAR A RULING ON HIS
COMPETENCY.

GRRRRRRRR--

BANG!



OKAY, FOLKS.
SHOW'S OVER. COULD
WE HAVE THE NEXT
CASE, PLEASE?

**NEXT IN A COMA
IN NAKOMA**